

COMIC

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 184.

{ COMPLETE }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 31 & 36 NORTH MOORE ST., N. Y.,
NEW YORK, November 12, 1879. ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

{ PRICE }

{ 5 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHIPS AND CHIN CHIN THE TWO ORPHANS.

Part II.

By PETER PAD.

Part II.



"Take lof, klick! Bitie cussie flinger lof allie time, so be, klick!" he yelled, dancing around at the same time and trying to shake the lobster off.

CHAPTER I.

LIGE was a character to look at as well as to listen to. He stood about six feet three inches in height, about forty years of age, long red hair and beard, a pair of strong blue eyes, and a faculty of using them whenever he was telling a yarn, by looking his listeners in the eye without blinking. He was known to be as brave as a lion when occasion required, and yet when not provoked he was as harmless as a sucking-pig, at least a sucking gin pig.

"Sit on your hands and yell fer yer pizen," said

he, turning to his crowd of admirers. "Here, come here, John," he added, again catching sight of Chin.

"Liddle ginnle," said Chin Chin, meekly, and he rolled his little eyes up so innocently that it made the big miner laugh heartily.

"Wal, John, yer may tar ther buttons all off my coat if I don't reckon as how you're a card," said he, slapping him on the shoulder so lustily that it nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"Mo play ondly liddle game pokie," said he, taking Lige up on the "card" point.

"Oh, yer do, hey!" said Lige, clapping his hands on his knees and stooping down to take a look at him.

"Ondly liddle pokie, so be."

"Good 'nough! I'll scoop you himby, that is—I say—what's yer name?"

"Chin Chin."

"All right, Chin Shin. Got any money?"

"No," said he, still meekly, for it was his nature never to admit that he had money even if he did have ever so much of it.

"What! No? Great sassaengers! Got no money an' want ter play poker with me," said Lige, with comical wonder depicted on his face.

"Only liddle. Play one cent, two cent, 'haps."

"You go ter blazes. Guess yer the original heathen Chinees I read 'bout in the paper. No, sir, I'll heap up dust with anybody, but no penny ante for me. Come, have yer all got yer gargle?"

You bet they all had, and they were all anxious to get outside of it, too.

"Wal, Sling Chin, here's ter yer lost pigtail, and may it grow out again in a week," he added, and of course everybody laughed and said "hi—hi!"

"Allie same to me now," replied Chin, carelessly.

"Wal, sir, thar's a Injun medicine man up near our claim that has got some sort of an intment as will bring her out in two days. Fact. Why, didn't I get scalped last fall, clean as a whistle, and is thar any har missin' on my roof?" he asked, taking off his big slouch hat and bending down so that they could look at the top of his head.

There was quite a large bald spot on the top of his shaggy nut, but of course his admirers were all bound to say that there wasn't a hair missing.

"Wal, I hearn 'bout this yer old medicine cuss an' I went for him. It war about twenty miles from our camp. He put some of his intment on the skull, an' tar ther buttons all off my coat if the har didn't grow out thar so fast that afore I could get back ter camp it pushed my hat off; it did, by thunder!"

"Oh, hellie damie!" exclaimed Chin.

"What! yer don't doubt my word, du yer, Whang Chin?" said he, savagely.

"Oh, no; me likie. Heap good stoly."

"Yer bet."

"Of course. Not a doubt of it," said the gang.

"Why, do yer know what we done last winter? We bought a gallon of that 'ere intment and rubbed our mules down with it. Grut sassaengers! Do yer know what it done? I'll tell yer: it made the har grow so long onter 'em that they couldn't walk without steppin' on it. Why, it made 'em so warm that we had ter keep 'em in a snow drift all winter—we did, by thunder!"

"Oh, hellie damie!" again exclaimed Chin, who was unable to take it all in.

"What!" and Lige turned upon him savagely.

"What nicie haley oil, so be," innocently.

"Don't yer get religious an' forget that it was. Why, chaw me all up if we didn't shear har 'nough off them six mules ter make a dozen mattresses, and we had ter shave 'em every week."

"Gracious!" said everybody but Chips, who stood a little back and was taking it all in.

"Getie me some flor my plig tailie, so be."

"Don't yer do it; mind, now, don't yer, for it's an old champer as is a tellin' on yer. But ter give yer proofs, I'll jis' relate what happened ter a poor John who was a workin' on a claim for some fellers next ter ourn. He got asleep one day on opium an' one of the mules jis' gnawed his pigtail off close up ter his skull. Listen, now, for I arn't givin' yer no rag on a bush. Wal, sir, that yar heathen Chinees war in great triberlation 'bout the loss of his durned ole whip lash an' he went for some of that yer intment. An' his tail began ter grow, Lordy Moses, how it did strike out. It grew a foot a day right along. But it ruined the poor devil, lor' bless yer."

"How?" some one ventured to ask.

"How—how! Why, it kept him all the time croppin' off har. 'Sides, it weakened him dreadfully."

"What a cussed lie!" said Chips, but for all the world it sounded just as though the big sucker who stood leaning up against the bar said it.

"Great sassaengers!" exclaimed Lige, drawing off and knocking the fellow half way across the room. "Call me

a liar, will yer?" and he was about going for him some more when the loafer squealed:

"I didn't say nuffin," he moaned,

"What! Call me a liar again!"

"I didn't call you no liar."

"Don't tell me you didn't, or I'll cut you off from lickin' forever and ever. Didn't he call me a liar?" he asked, turning to the rest of the gang.

"Of course he did," they all said, for, in fact, they didn't dare to say anything else.

"Now git, pollywog out er this, or I might git mad an' jar yer constertution."

That fellow "got" without stopping to argue matters.

"Le's lick'er," said Lige, after watching the fellow out of the bar-room.

The others said it served him right, and went for their drink, and to congratulate him on his victory, contending that his victim was the greatest fighter in the Territory.

Chips was happy, for he was having some fun on the quiet, and that pleased him above everything else, especially if he could work his ventriloquism.

"Wal, here's the naked truth; may she allers bile," said Lige, tossing down his two fingers of whiskey.

"Bile till she's well done," suggested the landlord, who was being kept pretty busy by the flush miners.

"Right, landlord, right every time. Yer see, I can stan' anything but a mangy cuss that calls things a lie jis because he don't understan' 'em."

"So do I."

"An' that's why I kinder agitated that chap."

"Served him right."

"Of course. Wal, now, Chin Shang," he added, turning to Chin Chin, whose name he couldn't seem to get exactly right, "don't yer be foolish 'nough ter get any of that yer intment. Wear yer har like a Christian an' a miner."

"Oh, yes, me allie same now like eblybody."

"Good 'nough. Whar yer come from?"

"China, so be."

"Why, what jackass didn't know that? What I mean is, whar'd yer come from now?"

"Beddie, liddle file go."

"Great sassaengers! Der yer want me to wipe off the floor with yer," demanded Lige, angrily. "Whar'd yer come from to Carter?"

"Flisco," said he, in his piping little voice.

"Oh, yer did, eh? Ever know a chap thar by the name of Wash Sheeters?"

"Me no washee. Me cookee sometimes, sometime loafee. So be."

"Oh, you're an ass," said he, turning away in disgust to find somebody else to talk with.

"You lie!" put in Chips again, and this time it seemed to come from another of the gang who had been hanging on to Lige for the sake of being treated.

"Snakes an' cattle!" he roared. "Have I got ter spill gore here?" and going into the crowd, who had been listening rapturously to his every word, he knocked them right and left, clearing them out of the place in about three shakes of a mule's tail.

"What's the matter, Lige?" asked one of the miners.

"Gittin' on yer high hoss?" asked another.

"Anybody doubt yer yarns?" said a third.

"Oh, that's all right now, pards. Yer know as how it kinder goes agin my stomach to have a person tell me I'm foolin' with the truth," said he.

"Oh, yes, we know that."

"Wal, they won't bother me no more," said he, joining the party.

"Now, Lige, if yer won't get cranky, I'll make a bet with yer," said the landlord, who by this time saw a little chance.

"Me get cranky! I'm the most peaceablest cuss that ever soaked up whiskey," said he.

"Honest Injun now."

"Sure's yer born. What is it?"

"I'll bet yer fifty dollars even that neither of them chaps, as you thort called you a liar, said a word of ther kind ter yer," said he, striking the bar with his fist.

"Onarthly alligators! Der yer think me a fool?" exclaimed Lige.

"Not much. But yer war fuled that hitch."

"Do yer want ter bet on it?"

"Fifty even."

"Good 'nough. Dust out," said he, slapping his ounces of gold down upon the bar.

"Understand, now, an' let yer pards see it."

"Oh, that's all right. Yer say I war fooled 'bout them chaps callin' me a liar."

"Yes, an' I can prove it."

"Rattle out yer fifty. Thar's mine."

"All right. Here yer are," and he proceeded to cover the miner's pile.

At this point, Chips stepped up to the landlord.

"I tumble," said he, winking to him.

"In course yer du. Now, be ready to work it."

"Work what?"

"Why, ventriloquism. See?"

"No, I don't. You said I should have all I could pick up in the gang."

"Wal."

"What am I to make out of this buzz?"

"Oh, thet's a quiet little racket of mine."

"It is, eh? All right. Then work it," said Chips, turning and walking away.

That landlord opened his eyes like Long Island clams.

"Come, landlord, what 'bout this bet?" asked Lige.

"Wait a moment," said he, beckoning to Chips. "Come here. What the devil do yer want ter slide out from under me for?" he whispered.

"Cos yer want ter set down on me."

"No—no. Go a head an' I'll make it all right."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars."

"Nixy."

"Fifteen."

"Nixy."

"Twenty. Come."

"No, Cull. Make it forty, an' I'm yer little angel."

"Suffering Job!"

"Won't have it?"

"No, I——"

"All right," and he started to walk away again.

The miners were becoming impatient.

"Come here," he said, impatiently. "You're the toughest little cuss ever I jibed with. Go a head an' you shall have forty dollars, confound you."

"All right. Work your jig."

"Gentlemen, this ere kid here is a wonderful little cuss," the landlord began, and they all turned to take a look at Chips, who had thus far escaped notice almost entirely.

"He's what they call a ventriloquist; that is, he can throw his voice anywhar he's a mind ter, an' it war he as throwed it so as ter sound as though they war a speaking. Arn't that so?"

"That's so; every time," said Chips, proudly.

"So be. Gotie debil in he heap big likie assjack rabbit, eibly time," put in Chin Chin, who now began to understand the joke.

"Great gumbles!" exclaimed Lige, "I've seed them kind er chaps in ther states. Come here, young chap. What's yer name?"

"Chips."

"What's yer front name?"

"Chips."

"Chippie eibly time," said Chin Chin.

"Nothin' but Chips?"

"All Chips."

"Wal, I swan. Whar'd you come from?"

"Frisco."

"Yer don't say so! You with this Hong Kong cuss?"

"Yes; he's my pard."

"Eibly time," said Chin Chin, proudly.

"Wal, let's hear yer bark," said the miners, who had become greatly interested in the affair.

Chips thereupon proceeded to give them some of his best specimens of ventriloquism, during which he clearly won the fifty dollars for the landlord, and greatly delighted and astonished the miners and their friends. In fact, they seemed never to tire of his performances, and rewarded him with any quantity of gold dust and "set 'em up" for each other at the bar until all hands became as mellow as ripe peaches.

Then Chin Chin astonished them with another of his wonderful breakdowns, while Spades sang and played upon his banjo until the miners were wild with merriment and delight. In fact, Lige fell right into the fun, and catching Chin Chin by the two shoulders he danced what he called a "twin breakdown" with him, which almost broke the floor down, so heavy were they and so earnestly did they work at it.

And then, as if to vary the fun he was having, he whisked poor Chin Chin end for end, and taking him by the two legs, the stalwart miner held him up at arm's length, so that his head just cleared the floor, and continued the wild dance, while another of them caught Spades up like a child, and seating him astride of his shoulders while he still kept up the music on his banjo, he danced with him around the room, while the shouts of the delighted throng convinced the whole town that something very amusing was going on.

"Oh, hellie damie! knockie cussie headie lof. Me got no shoe on headie!" yelled Chin Chin.

But the miners paid no attention to his cries, and kept up their wild dance until they were tired; yet they paid them first-rate for their fun and hard usage, and that night, when they counted up, they found they had money enough to take them to Omaha, and enough besides to keep their bellies full on the way.

So the next morning they shouldered their guns and started for the station, full of life and hope, and leaving behind them many memories, although Chin Chin swore that if he ever got among such another rough crowd, he would have his skull half-soled.

Taking the train at nine o'clock, they set out for a journey of nearly a thousand miles.

CHAPTER II.

WITH full bellies, and each a stock of grub to last him on the way, it was no wonder that things looked bright to them after the knocking about they had received and the hardships they had endured since leaving San Francisco to work their way, by hook or crook, across the continent to reach the great metropolis, New York.

Spades, of course, we leave out; Chips and Chin Chin had simply picked him up on the road, finding that he was endeavoring to paddle his way as far as St. Louis with the assistance of his banjo, and finding they could make him useful, took him along with them. So that for the time being he was sharing their "pot luck," and getting pretty fat on it.

And for that matter, neither Chips nor Chin Chin had lost much flesh on the road, for they were both of the "laugh and grow fat" kind, and they had certainly found enough to laugh at since they started together.

Chin's only great sorrow was that he had lost his pigtail, and though he had learned to take his bereavement with considerable philosophy, yet he could not get used to the stump of that appendage which the Indians had left, and, in spite of him, it was continually getting out from under

his hat and acting as much like a contrary paint brush (minus the handle) as possible.

This was not only annoying to him, since it called everybody's attention to his disgrace, but it made everybody laugh; for, in fact, it would be hard to conceive of anything more comical than it was, and wherever he went there was a laugh.

It was the same when he entered the train at Carter, and before he had ridden a mile the stump of his lost pig-narrative had contrived to shove his hat up behind and tip it far over his eyes, and everybody was on a broad grin.

Perhaps none of my readers have ever traveled in a second-class car, and I trust none of them will ever have to on account of not having money enough to take passage in a first-class car. But if you wish to ride in one for the sake of seeing all sorts, sizes, shapes, colors and conditions among the "lower ten thousand," it is a good place to find all this, and even more, too.

The car was pretty well filled with rag-tag and bob-tail, although several of them had undoubtedly seen better days, and were bound to ride as far as they could for their money. There were also several women in the car.

Our friends could not get seats together at first, and so sat wherever they could, thanking their stars that the situation was as good as they found it, and that they were not hoofing it over the road.

Chin Chin was awfully jolly, and spent the next half hour after getting on board in counting what money he had left and hiding it in several places about his person where nobody could find it, and consequently he was entirely oblivious to the merriment of the passengers.

Chips, however, saw what they were laughing at, and he had often done the same thing himself; but he settled himself in his hard seat for a long ride, perfectly willing that the passengers should have all the fun they could out of his celestial friend, while Spades tucked his old banjo carefully under his seat, and got himself into as good a position as he could for a snooze.

Spades could always sleep when he wasn't hungry, but it is safe to say that had he known how far it was from San Francisco to St. Louis, he would have rotted there sooner than to have undertaken the journey.

Chips had his eye on Chin Chin, for he suspected that he had more money left than he would own up to, but even after he had finished counting it, and had tucked various pieces into his shoes, pockets, and other little out of the way places in his clothing which never would have been suspected of holding a cent, he couldn't for the life of him ever guess how much he had.

This is one of the financial peculiarities of Chinamen; they may appear to be dead broke, and a thief would most certainly starve if he found no other victims to work on, yet they may have hundreds of dollars secreted about their persons somewhere.

A broad smile that was childlike and bland stole over his face as he finished counting his money. His lips moved, but the noise of the car prevented those around from hearing what he said, although a man directly behind him overheard him say:

"Belly goodie flor Chin Chin. Heap hunkly doly eibly time. Fifty dolla' an' two tickie, so be."

What the "tickie's" meant Chips learned some time afterwards when he accidentally discovered that he had two watches secreted in his clothes. But he stoutly maintained that he found them both at Carter, and was piously indignant when Chips insinuated that he must have found them in somebody's pocket.

"That's too thin, Chinny, ole boy," said Chips, but Chin refused to understand him.

"So be," said he, meekly.

"I knowed a Chinee duffer once as found a ticker on der street, an' just because it happened ter be in a vest pocket, and just because there happened ter be a man in-

side of the vest, the police scooped him in. Better look out, or you'll get scooped."

"Me good Chinamans. Me findlie tickie, so be," and that was all that he would ever admit, although Chips always had his own idea of how he found them.

But to return to the car in which our friends were riding, and not get ahead of the story.

After passengers have ridden a day or two, in a second-class especially, they began to get tired and anxious for something to break the monotony.

Almost anything will do, and so when Chin Chin made his appearance, and they saw his comical brush sticking out from under his hat, they naturally accepted that for a little amusement.

There was one old fellow who acted as though he would laugh his buttons off, and if the others had not been inclined to laugh, they would certainly have done so from seeing him laugh so heartily.

Who or what he was would have been hard to determine, but he was anything but a missionary, unless he was possibly a missionary of fun. He had a jolly red mug and a pair of twinkling eyes, and he seemed to have been famishing for fun until Chin Chin's arrival.

And there was still another character on board who became interested in Chin, although to all appearances he was as sober as a rusty saw. He sat next to Chips and soon learned who he was from him.

"So he's a friend of yours, eh?"

"Yer bet. He's der best Chinaman yer ever seen," replied Chips promptly.

"Got any fun in him?"

"More 'n a house full."

"Can he take a joke?"

"He has ter once 'n a while," said Chips, laughing.

The stranger soon made himself agreeable to Chips, and learned all about how they had left San Francisco together, and where they were bound for.

This narration pleased him very much, and he in turn informed Chips that he was just from 'Frisco himself, and that he was what is known as a drummer, or commercial traveler for a drug house in Chicago.

He cottoned to the young fellow right away, and Chips soon learned that he was quite a joker in a certain way, which of course made them friends.

The story of how Chin Chin lost his pig-tail pleased him very much, and a bright idea at once took possession of him. He knew what a disgrace all Chinamen regard the loss of their queue, and how much they would give to have them restored, and so he told Chips that he thought a little sport might be had with Chin, to which Chips readily agreed.

They got out at several of the way stations to stretch their legs, and at one of them they saw a lot of green buffalo hides lying on the platform.

This drummer, whose name, by the way, was Snaps, and who was traveling second-class to save money, took his knife and cut the tail from one of these skins and thrust it into his coat-pocket.

"Now we will have some fun with your celestial pard," said he, as they returned to the car.

Chin Chin was curled up in his seat asleep, at peace with himself and all the world.

Snaps took a vacant seat directly behind him, and the fellow with the red mug, who had not yet ceased laughing, sat on the opposite side of the aisle nearly. Chips got a seat as near to him as he could and quietly awaited events.

"Look here, my red-faced Christian friend," said Snaps, addressing the tickled individual. "It seems to me that you have laughed about enough at the expense of our unfortunate friend from the Flowery Kingdom. Suppose you take a quiet tumble and give somebody else a chance? Never laugh at a man's misfortunes," he added, with a face as sober as the bottom of a pot.

The laughing individual instantly drew down his face and began to look sorry.

"As a humanitarian and a friend in the cause of justice, I must inform you that it will become my painful duty to shoot you if I see your mug distorted by another grin between here and Omaha."

The man who had been laughing was by this time as sober as a lost cat, and for fear he might get into trouble with his easily tickled mug, he took a seat further back, where he at once assumed a look of the most heart-broken melancholy.

"Oh, no, that is impossible, my friend. Even the smallest and homeliest Joss would not notice you without a pigtail."

"Me allie same. Me buy liddle Joss, so be."

"But how much better to become a regular Chinaman again with a regulation pigtail."

Chin Chin understood enough to get sober over, while Chips was ready to burst with the laughter he was holding in, so solemn did Snap look.

"Allie gone debil," said Chin, sadly.

"But it can be restored."



"Oh, hellie damee! knockie cussie headie lof."

Me got no shoe on headie!" yelled Chin Chin.

Seeing the way clear, Snap proceeded to touch Chin Chin on the shoulder and awaken him.

"Whatie wantie?" he demanded, somewhat sharply.

"My friend, I would speak with you," said Snap, looking even more serious than before.

Chin's conscience must have troubled him a little, and so he became interested.

"I am a great and good man, my friend," he began.

Chin Chin glanced at Chips, as much as to ask him if he was safe in such company.

"Your young friend here has been telling me about you, and how you became so unfortunate as to lose your capillary appendage."

"Losie what? Makie heap too big talkie."

"In other words, how you happened to lose your pigtail," said Snap, pointing to the stump of it.

"Oh, allie same. Don't callie damie. Me allie same likie Melican man. Getie clothes bum—bum heap swell likie one of boys, so be," said he, and he was about to curl himself up to finish his nap.

"But, my dear friend from the Flowery Land, you cannot possibly forget that you are a Chinaman; a follower of the great Confucius."

"Allie same. Me good Chinaman allie same if me no piggie-tailie."

"What?" and the quickness with which he leaped to his feet showed how interested he was.

"Fact, my unfortunate friend," said Snap.

"Makie grow heap long?"

"Yes."

"Allie same likie was allie same?"

"Verily, I speak the truth."

"Oh, humbugie!"

"I am a great and good man, my Celestial friend, and I would not deceive you."

Chin Chin stood aghast.

"Wal, if that snoozer arn't a cuss," said Chips, to himself. "I'd give a million for that minister's mug of his."

"What would you give for a new pigtail, grown to order, as good and long as the one you lost?"

"Oh, hellie damie! Gible fifty dollar, so be."

The wag shook his head.

"Flifty dollar an' two tickie," said Chin.

"But suppose I do it without money and without price, what then?"

Chin Chin looked confused.

"Charge you nary," said Chips, prompting.

"Oh, heap, jump, hi yi!" said he.

"What am a gwine on, Chips?" asked Spades, who had just begun to understand that something was afloat.

"Keep yer eyes peeled," said Chips.

"By golly, I think dar am fun har somewhar," he muttered.

The silenced laughing man beckoned him over to where he sat, and timidly asked him who Snap was, but of course he could give him no information.

"Well, as I said before, I am a great and good man. My principal business is going around and doing all the good I can. Now, if you will submit to me for the space of half an hour, I will grow you a pigtail equal to the one you lost."

"Oh, hellie damie! Me do. How be?" asked Chin Chin, eagerly.

"I have a tonic here in my medicine case," said Snap, reaching for his sample trunk, "that will work wonders. Shall I apply it?"

Chin Chin looked at Chips in a hesitating sort of way, as if he didn't know what to say or do.

"Try it on, pard," said Chips, confidently.

"Me do. Golly head. Me takie, allie same."

All right. In the first place you must take as much of this as you can drink," said Snap, taking a flask from his pocket.

A dozen or more of the passengers gathered around to learn what it was all about, but the laughing man was very cautious.

Chin Chin took the flask and smelled of it.

"Oh, heap good. Ginnie!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my friend, it is gin; but you must know that I never use it myself except for medical purposes, the same as I use it now."

"Me allie same. Takie ginnie to walm belly eby time. Muchie good medicine, so be," and placing it to his lips, he took a swig that would indicate that his belly was completely frozen up, and that he was bound to thaw it out.

"That is all right. Now allow me to place this to your nostrils," and pouring some chloroform on a handkerchief, he held it to Chin Chin's nose.

In about a minute he was as dead to all around him as he would have been had a dozen hoodlums been making a target of him at short range. He was completely under the influence of the drug, and lay back in his seat as though asleep.

"That's all right. Now for the pigtail," said Snap, taking the buffalo tail from his pocket.

Hunting around in his sample trunk he found some strong waxed thread, and then gathering the hair composing Chin Chin's stump around the butt end of the buffalo's tail, he proceeded to wind the thread around in such a way, that the two were joined together in a very strong, artistic way, while everybody in the car was roaring with laughter.

The silenced laughing man, however, went out on the platform to have his laugh, and there acted so much like a crazy man that the brakeman put him into the car, and threatened to throw him off if he came out again.

But poor Chin Chin was all unconscious of what was going on, and was dreaming, if at all, of the new pigtail that was to grow, and to restore him to the dignity of a respectable Chinaman again.

It was a comical sight, and even the conductor and brakeman went in to see it, and in a short time that joke spread all through the train.

Chips was delighted, of course, and was anxious for him to wake up and see what he would do.

But Snap, the practical joker, knew what he was about. He had enjoyed his part of the fun, and just before the Chinaman came to himself, he was calculating to be out of reach.

So, when the train stopped at Cheyenne, he gathered up his traps to get off, as he had business there, and had calculated his time pretty nearly.

"Give him my respects when he wakes up, and say that I am sorry it happened so, but by mistake I had nothing

but buffalo tail tonic with me, and that I put it on by accident," said he.

"How soon will he come to?" asked Chips.

"Oh, in about ten or fifteen minutes. Good-by, friends, I hope I have succeeded in relieving you of some of the tediousness of this uncushioned journey, and if any of you should ever want a pigtail grown, I trust you will give me a call," said he, going from the car, which by this time had stopped at Cheyenne.

The laughing man saw him get out, and his long pent-up emotions took a grand leap, and he laughed loud enough to be heard a mile; and not content with this, he jumped up and down, and hit himself in the head; got redder in the face than ever, and finally tumbled on top of a fat Dutchman, who instantly arose up in wrath.

"Gott in himmel! fot do mit your self, ha? Go 'bout yourn pizness puddy quick, or I show you somedings dot you dond know already."

"Oh—ho—ho—ho! Ah—ha—ha—ha!" was the only answer that the tickled man could give, as he struggled to his pins again.

"Go 'way mit your tam foolishness, or I spreak my snoot mit you," roared the irate Dutchman.

"Oh—ho—ho—ho!"

"Dake dat, mit your ho—ho!" said he, giving him a punch in the head, and knocking him out of his seat.

But it did not stop his laughing in the least, and it was not until after the train started that there was noise enough to half smother his roaring.

Well, pretty nearly to the time that Snap had set, Chin Chin began to show signs of returning consciousness, and the interested passengers got into position where they could see the fun.

"Halloo, Chin, ole man, how der yer feel?" asked Chips, who sat in front of him.

"Putly good. More ginie," he called.

"Gin all gone. How do yer like yer new pigtail?"

"Oh, putly klick me 'member," and he reached around in search of it.

The gin kept him from seeing, at first glance, the deception which had been played on him, but supposing that the stranger, that great and good man, had done as he agreed to do, he gave a yell of joy, and leaping upon his seat, began to shout and dance in the most boisterous manner.

"Me allie same now. So be, hi—hi!"

At this the red-faced laughing man tumbled down on top of another man in a fit of laughter, and was pushed sprawling into the aisle, but still without stopping his confounded yawping. He was the worst old laughter ever known.

"Me bully boy, now, me hunkly doly some more eby time. Me gotie plig tailie same likie nodder one, me bully boy widie assie gly," said Chin Chin, still capering about, half-shouting and half-singing in his delight.

"How do yer like it?" asked Chips.

"Heap goodie. Where be?" he asked, looking around for Snap.

"He's gone," and another roar of laughter went up which was heard clear to the last car of the train, during which the boss laughter stuck his head through one of the car windows.

"What makie tee-hee likie damie ass jack alle time, hey?" and Chin Chin for the first time noticed that everybody was laughing.

"They're laughing at your new pigtail."

"Me laugh too, so be," and again he danced and cut up high.

Finally he caught hold of it, and pulled it over his shoulder to take a close look at it, at which the laughing man sat down on his hat.

Who ever saw a red buffalo's tail growing on the head of a Chinaman, or anybody else?

He looked at it, felt at it, and gradually his face began

to lose its happy smile. Then his jaw dropped, and he glanced at Chips for an explanation.

But Chips was laughing so heartily that he couldn't speak, while the boss laughter had tumbled over upon Spades, and the two of them were rolling around on the car floor, pounding and laughing with all their might.

"Heapie damie foolie eblybody," said Chin. "Who do?"

"You look as though *you* had been hoodood," said a nan near by.

"Whatie damie foolie sheep tailie?" and the poor devil, who had by this time tumbled to the circus, began to dance around like a wild Indian, and try to tear the tail from his head.

But this he could not do, and in his anger he made it quite lively for everybody in the car. He positively filled the air with broken China and "hellie damie's" during the next five minutes.

"Keep cool, ole man, an' let yer hair grow," said Chips, trying to pacify him, and at which Spades and the boss laughter pounded each other and yelled some more.

"Where be? knockie damie headie allie pleaces, so will. Where be?" and again he pulled at the tail.

"He got off back here a few miles," said one of the amused bystanders.

"Me getie off, an' punchie head."

"No, he couldn't help it. He put on the wrong medicine, made ter make buffalos' tails grow," said Chips, "and he was awful sorry."

"Blufflo tailie! Heap killie! Me no, cutie off klick! Me damie foolie. Me no goodie flor Chinaman; me big damie foolie likie eblybody, cutie of."

"Better not, ole man; it'll give yer brain fever."

"So be. Me gotie no brainie; getie no flever. Me allie gimmie likie sucker."

He plead for some time, and at length one of the passengers, who chanced to have a pair of shears in his pocket, accommodated and released the poor devil by cutting the stump of his original pig-tail off close to his head, and in this way removing the buffalo's tail, which had caused so much merriment.

But that Chinaman's blood was up, and seizing the stiff, heavy narrative, he went for that boss laughter, and gave him the devil's own whaling with it, which had the effect of sobering him off effectually.

He would have had his hands full, however, if he had undertaken to whollop everybody who laughed at his expense, although three or four of them felt as though they wished that tail had never been amputated, and that that great and good man had never been born.

But things got quieted down after a while, and Chin Chin retired to his seat to pout and meditate on the uncertainty of Melican men, and Chicago drummers especially.

Night came on, and everybody got themselves into the most comfortable position they could for sleep.

The boss laughter now became the champion snorer, and those in his immediate vicinity made it warm for him, while those further away thanked Heaven for the noise the cars made, which drowned the rasping of his confounded old red nose.

At the end of the next day they arrived at Omaha without any further adventure worth recording, and gladly got out at this brilliant little city for a change of scene and a chance to stretch their legs.

Chin Chin was by this time thoroughly disgusted with trying to raise a pig-tail, and so the first thing he did was to go to a barber's shop and get his head trimmed up as much like a Melican man as possible, although it was some time before he could forget the trick which had been played on him, and which Chips had sanctioned.

CHAPTER III.

Chin Chin had now his hair trimmed like a Melican

man, which, with the Chinese dress which he had clung to, made him look even more comical than before, if possible.

One thing was certain, however, no more "great and good men" would ever get a chance to experiment on him if he knew it. In fact, he had been experimented with all he cared to be, ever since leaving California.

One of the first things that Chips did after leaving the depot, was to look out for a cheap meal, as large a one as possible for his money, and Spades went along to see what he could find in the same line.

This little knife and fork exercise took nearly his last cent, and here they were on the banks of the Missouri river, only about half way to their destination, and things looked a bit queer.

As for Spades, he had by this time come to regard Chips as the boss, guide and director, and he was waiting to see what the next move should be, and Chin Chin was in the same mood.

But, everything considered, they had made extraordinary progress since setting out, for with the exception of their combined talent, they were little better than tramps, and yet in about two months they had made almost two thousand miles, and had only walked a small portion of the distance.

Chips and Spades were seated in the cheap saloon where they had just hidden their grub, when Chin Chin came cautiously in, not knowing they were there, but bent on a like errand, and trying to find where he could get the most for a little money, having priced every saloon in town before coming there.

"Don't say a word," said Chips; "let's see what he will do," and they both turned away their faces.

"Yice?" he asked, of one of the waiters.

"Yes, plenty rice. Have some?"

"How muchie?"

"How much? Why, yer can have as much as yer want, if it's less'n a barrel," replied the waiter.

"How muchie fo' iddle bit?"

"Plate?"

"How muchie plate?"

"Two bits."

"How muchie *be*?" he said, in a provoked tone.

"Two bits, I tell you."

"Damie foolie allie same like eblybody. How muchie be; how muchie heapie?"

"Oh, one of those plates full," said he, pointing to one on the table.

Chin Chin went along and inspected it.

"Chop sticks?" he then asked.

"Chop sticks? chop thunder! What der yer think I keep here, a Chinese hash-house? Bimeby yer'll be asking me for a dish of stewed rats," said the waiter, indignantly.

"Gotie yatie?" he asked, meekly.

"Get out! Say, der yer want the grand bounce?" he asked, approaching him savagely.

"Bounce? Goodie eat?" he asked, as before.

"Good! Bet yer life it's better ter give than 'tis ter take. But what 'er goin' ter do?"

"Eatie."

"Have some rice?"

"Yes, makie big."

"Make you big," growled the waiter, as he proceeded to dish him out a plate of rice.

Chin Chin watched him closely as he heaped it up, and pointed out little places around the edge of the plate where a spoonful more might be got on, all of which provoked the fellow to such a degree that he felt like putting a head on him.

But finally he took a seat at one of the tables, armed with a knife and fork, and overspread with a smile, which seemed to extend from his belly all the way to the top of his mug.

Chips and Spades were laughing to themselves, and

after he had commenced upon his rice they walked over to where he was sitting.

"Halloo, Chin, ole man, fodderin'?"

"Halloo allie same, boys. Where be?" he asked, all the while knifing in the rice.

"Been here. Goin' ter treat us?"

"Oh, hellie damie! Me bustie; dead breakie allie pieces, so be," said he.

"What 'er givin' us, honey on a stick?"

"No; so be, hopla die, shu popie. Bustie allie but two bits fo' yice," said Chin Chin.

The next thing to do was to see the town, and this they proceeded to do. They found it, as it is, one of the brightest, smartest little cities in the United States, full of life, energy, pluck, and go-ahead. It is the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific railroad; as well as the center of a large railroad business which radiates in all directions. There are several fine public buildings there, and one or two first-class hotels of which any city might be proud.

As night approached, it became an important question where they should sleep, as the weather by this time had become too cold for camping out as they had before done.



Poor Chin Chin, who had by this time tumbled to the circus, began to dance around like a wild Indian, and try to tear the tail from his head.

"Too thin, ole man. Come, treat to cigars."

"Oh, no! Deadie bustie."

"Let me go through yer clothes?"

"Oh, yes."

"All right. I'll do it," said Chips, approaching him.

"No—no! Knockie aplertite allie pieces."

"Oh, hang yer appetite. I'm goin' through yer."

"No—no, I findie two bit mo' maybe someflar. Oo smokie," said he, waving him away.

"Oh, all right; I thought I'd fetch yer ter milk. Nice pard yer be to go back like that, said Chips, going up to the counter, and taking a fifteen cent cigar for himself and one for Spades, for Chin to pay for.

Chin Chin finished his rice in silence, but when he had to pay thirty cents in addition to the price of his plate of rice, it nearly broke his heart.

It will be remembered that Chin was very much like his countrymen regarding money matters, and that he had stowed about fifty dollars away in various portions of his clothing, and there it would stay until he got very hungry before he would touch it, and he'd swear by all the gods in China that he hadn't a cent to his name. But Chips had a way of getting it out of him, which nobody else possessed, and suspecting that he had considerable hidden away, he resolved to make him foot the bills until they got a job of some sort, or made another lucky hit that should set them on their pins again.

Finally, after a deal of persuasion, mixed with some threats, Chin Chin came to the rescue.

"Me spoutie tickie," said he, carefully taking a silver watch from somewhere about his clothes.

The reader will remember about those watches.

"Where'd yer get that ticker?" demanded Chips.

"Me findie," said he, innocently.

"Where?"

"At Carter."

Chips looked at him quizzingly, but that little-eyed child of the flowery kingdom kept a face on him that was a picture of innocence.

"Found it, hey?" said Chips, at length.

"So be."

"By golly, if I was as lucky as dat yer chap, I'd never fear getting hung," said Spades.

"I say, Chin, wasn't there a pocket around it when you found it?"

Chin Chin shook his tailless head.

"Wasn't there a vest hangin' to the pocket?"

"Me no 'stand."

"An' wasn't there a man foolin' round inside of the vest? Come, now."

"Me findie, allie same, like good Chinaman," was his reply.

"Yes, I guess yer did. Good Chinaman are hefty on finding watches an' things. Let's see it."

"Me no," said he, attempting to hide it again.

"What! Come down with that ticker," said Chips, authoritatively, and reluctantly he handed it over to him. "Putty good. I say, Spades, this'll save us from goin' on 'tick' ourselves for awhile," and he at once started off to sell it.

With the proceeds he purchased a supper for all three of them, after which they found a cheap lodging-house where a little money bought three very good beds, and then they were all right.

All but Chin Chin, rather, for he began to feel blue over

water, with his hat cocked on one side of his head and down over one eye, in a most rakish and dare-devil sort of a way, and at once began to make himself felt among the help, especially to the two other Chinese laundrymen, who refused to associate with him.

He seemed to owe them a peculiar spite, which a little gin would bring out all the stronger.

He came into the large room, where about a dozen of them had beds, including the two Chinamen, clicking his wooden shoes on the floor in a lively way, keeping time with a song he was singing:



They took turns in knocking him down and wiping the floor with him; he all the while yelling in broken China.

the situation, seeing that he would, probably, have to pay the bills for some time to come, and so he became anxious that they all got a job.

The next day they went out to see what they could find, and the result was that they all got a job at the Grand Central Hotel. Chips as a bell-boy, Spades as assistant porter, and Chin Chin as an assistant in the laundry.

This made them all hunky dory again, and all three of them went to work with a will, although both of the others had a much better chance of making money than Chin Chin did, in the shape of perquisites, or "stakes," which were bestowed by guests.

And besides, the other Chinamen in the hotel and in the town refused to associate with him, on account of him having lost his pigtail, this being regarded by Orientals as a deep disgrace.

On this account he was compelled to keep by himself, or go out with Chips and Spades after working hours.

Chips, in the meantime, was having lots of fun.

The help of the hotel all slept on the top floor, and at night he would play all sorts of deviltry with his ventriloquism, and Spades would entertain them with his banjo.

With all this, and Chin Chin getting full of gin now and then after the day's work was done, they managed to have all the sport they wanted, and that top floor was the scene of many high old larks.

One night Chin Chin came in from out doors, full of jig

Me no Chinaman,

Me no calie dam,

Me jisie goodlie anlybody be;

Me drinkie ginie,

Me shakie shinie,

Me putlie headie on two Chinees.

Then he would dance a few staves.

Me go fightie, hap,

Me no calie snap,

Me allie same bully boy wilie glass eye.

Me hop skipie 'bout,

Me knockie stuffin' out,

Me putlie headie on two big Chinees.

A cheer of applause greeted his song and dance from all but the Chinamen, who turned up their noses at him, and went on with some mending they were doing over by their beds.

"Whattie say?" he exclaimed, swaggering over to where they were, at the same time trying to imitate the voice, tone and gesture of the San Francisco hoodlums, whom he had heard make use of the slang.

But the Chinamen paid no attention to him.

"Feelie big likie hellie eos got pligtail. Me no want pligtail. Me Melican man, so be, all same cussie sight better. Me knockie stuffin' out."

They glanced up angrily at him, and made some reply in Chinese.

"Me no speakie, pligtail language. Me Melican clea black bone. Me onely bloys, me ble. You bling sundle-blich."

And he snapped his fingers at them.

Then up leaped those two Chinamen, with blood in their eyes, and went for their pigtail-ravished brother. They took turns in knocking him down and wiping the floor up with him; he all the while yelling in broken China, and they encouraging him in the whole article, to hold on courageously until they had knocked some of the gin out of him.

Everybody in the room seemed to enjoy it with the exception of Chin Chin. Finally they asked him if he had enough; and, as he lay doubled up in one corner of the room, he fully confessed that he was no hog, and admitted that he knew when he had what was good for him; and the two Chinamen returned to their work again.

Chips and Spades lifted him up, and asked him how he was getting along.

"Feel like fightin' some more?" asked Chips.

"Me no. Fightie allie knockie out, so be," said he mournfully, attending to his bleeding nose.

"If yer want another round we'll hold you up."

"Me no. Gottie belly full eby time. Why you no helpie?" he asked.

"Oh, I can't speak China talk, and I don't like ter fight in a language I don't know. Besides, I thought you wanted all the fun ter yerself," said Chips, laughing at the sorry figure before him.

"Oh, hellie dammie, no flun fo' me; flun fo' lem Chinamen. Heap dammie eby time, knockie cusie head lof; me getie gun, so be."

"No, don't shoot 'em. Brace up, an' take 'em one at a time," said Chips.

"So will, betie you," said he shaking his fist at them.

"Four bits wof ginnie allie knockie out, an' good drunkie spoil," he added, mournfully.

This sad allusion to his sorrow set them all laughing again, for in truth, he really did seem to feel worse because the gin had been knocked out of him—that is, that the usage he had received had made him sober—than he did at the drubbing they had given him.

This ended that part of the fun for that night, for Chin Chin soon hopped into bed, and covered himself up with a blanket, so that no portion of him could be seen. But there was other roguery going on until long after midnight.

The next day a queer old woman stopped at the hotel, who was destined to create some fun.

She was about fifty years of age; dressed in old-fashioned clothes; had five or six big bandboxes, a huge umbrella, and a general git up and git about her that was decidedly comical.

But one of her greatest fears was, that she would get robbed. She had about a hundred dollars with her; had never traveled before; and, believing all the stories she had ever heard and read, she felt that everybody with whom she came in contact was a robber of some sort or other, and that she should never reach her journey's end unharmed, although she was big enough and strong enough to have taken her own part against half a dozen robbers.

She held her bandboxes in one hand and grasped her umbrella firmly in the other, and glanced nervously around as though all the while expecting a robber to pounce upon her, and ready to meet him. She made her way up to the hotel clerk, and Chips happened to be standing close at hand, it being his next call.

"Say, be yu the landlord of this tavern?" she asked, slapping her umbrella down on the counter.

The clerk started as though he had been hit in the nose.

"No, madame, but I am the clerk," said he, quickly regaining his composure.

"Wal, yu won't du; I want tu see the boss."

"He is not in town to-day. Might I inquire your business?"

"No, you moughn't," said she, sharply.

"Possibly I might do as well, madame."

"No, sir-ee, hoss; I don't know yu from a raw buffalo hide."

"Are you acquainted with the proprietor?"

"No, but I want see him right bad."

"Do you wish to become a guest?"

"No, sir, hoss, I don't want ter du nothin' of the sort. I only want tu stay here one night and one day, an'——"

"Oh, that's all right; I can attend to you just as well as the proprietor," said he, turning the register towards her.

"Oh, you can, eh."

"Certainly," and he handed her an inked pen.

"Wal, now, I don't know 'bout that kersactly. Yu see I'm a lone woman an' I don't want ter be robbed," said she, looking around uneasily.

"Oh, there's no danger of that."

"Wal, I don't know, I hear terrible stories 'bout this town."

"Have you any valuables with you?"

"None of your darned business. Don't you wish I war green enough ter tell yu?"

"I am sure I don't care, but I was going to tell you that we have a safe here in which you can deposit anything you wish, and we become responsible for it."

"Not much. Wouldn't yu like tu get my money inter yer darned contrivance an' hear me whistle for it. No, sir, I won't let it go out of my pocket. All I want's a good strong room, where folks can't be robbed by outsiders."

"Very well, I will give you a good room where no one will molest you. Please put down your name."

"What for?"

"Because it is the custom."

"Not by a darned sight. Yu don't catch me in any of yer cussed traps. I've heard tell on 'em. How much du yu charge?"

"Three dollars per day, including meals."

"Gracious me! How much for a day an night?"

"Three dollars."

"Wal, I'll be hornswaggled, as my man says, I call that robbery."

"Very well. You are not obliged to remain."

"Wal, I s'pose I must. Now give me a bang up room."

"All right. Here, Chips, show this lady up to No. 300; that's bang up, I guess."

"Bang up high," said Chips, grinning. "This way, ma'am," and he started for the elevator, followed by the old lady and her boxes.

The elevator happened to be away up to the top of the building at the time, and Chips rung the bell for it to descend, while she was looking anxiously around.

"Whar's the room, boy?"

"It's up on the fourth floor; it'll be down soon."

"Be down! Gracious me, what der yer mean?"

"Nothin', only that. Here it comes."

"Wal, I'll be hornswaggled, as my man says," and she watched with open eyes. "Are you sure it's all right?" she asked, as the elevator came down and the man threw open the door.

"Oh, yes, everything's all hunky, ma'am. Get in."

She stepped in cautiously and looked around.

"What's this chap doin' here in my room?" she asked, pointing to the elevator man.

"Oh, he's the public bridegroom," said Chips.

Just then the elevator began to ascend.

"Oh—oh! she's luce—she's luce! Stop her—stop her, I say," yelled the old gal, flourishing her umbrella.

"Whar in thunder be yu takin' me to? Stop her, yu

bridegroom, stop her. Somethin' 'll bust, I know it will. What are yu laughin' at, yu little monkey? Whar are yu takin' me to? Stop her, or I'll make yer," saying which she went for the elevator man with her umbrella, and then banging Chips over the head, she knocked them both out of time in half a minute, all the while yelling: "Stop her—stop her!"

Arriving at the floor on which her room was situated, the elevator was stopped, the door thrown open, and the old woman bustled out. But her yells had aroused the whole house, and everybody rushed to see what the matter was.

"Whar be I? Somebody tell me, or I'll hurt 'em," she demanded, flourishing what was left of her umbrella. "I knowed I'd fallen inter a den of thieves. Show me a way tu get down out of this, or I'll spile somebody's good looks—see if I don't."

Some of them showed her the way to the stairs, and she made a dive for them, swinging her wrecked umbrella, and warning everybody to keep away.

She never stopped until she reached the street, and there she soon collected a crowd, and told them how she had been roped into a den of thieves, and how she had nearly killed two of them who were trying to take her up through the roof in a balloon. In fact, she kept talking and yelling back defiance to the hotel, until two policemen had to take her in, and it was all they could do. But they provided her with safe lodgings that night, although her baggage was terribly demoralized as well as her temper.

Chips didn't mind his pounding much, but he was sorry to have her go, for he had made up his mind to have a thousand pounds of fun with her. But he had a big laugh over the adventure, as did everybody else in the hotel.

As for Chin Chin, he couldn't get along with the other Chinamen, and so he threw up his job, and found one in another place, although both he and Chips and Spades went out occasionally evenings, and, taking the banjo along, managed to pick up quite a lot of money in saloons and bar-rooms, giving their little entertainment.

This, together with what they earned, soon put them in flush shape again, and at the end of a month they concluded to take another jump eastward, hoping to reach as far as St. Louis before stopping again.

But while out giving an entertainment one night about that time, a man by the name of Scovill, who was traveling over the country with a moral panorama representing life in California, saw what they could do, and thinking he might enliven his entertainment by adding theirs to it, he sought them and at once proposed to engage them to travel with him.

The truth was, his old show didn't amount to much, anyway, and he had been obliged to reduce expenses to such a degree that there was nobody left to run the whole thing but himself and agent, and on arriving at Omaha they were so nearly dead broke that they did not dare to open their show in the face of other attractions more entertaining.

Chips tumbled to the idea right away, for Scovill was going east, and it was just the thing. In fact, he had always wanted to travel with a show, and now he had a chance. As for Spades and Chin Chin, they would do exactly what Chips wished them to do.

So the arrangement was made that they should receive twenty dollars a week each and expenses paid.

Chips at once went to work and arranged a little act, representing hoodlum life in San Francisco, during which he introduced Chin Chin and Spades as two features, and did the ventriloquist business, to show what a smart hoodlum could do.

But the first thing to do was to get a pigtail for Chin Chin.

It would never do to present him as a real Chinaman without a pigtail, for people would not believe it. So a false one was procured, attached to a close-fitting flesh-

colored skull-cap, which, when placed on such a mug as that which he possessed, would make him pass for a genuine Mongolian anywhere.

There was only one trouble with this, however; Chin Chin was apt to get drunk, and although this seldom made him less comical, yet he was liable to forget himself and pull it off, or at least Chips was afraid he would, and so he took measures to guard against anything of the kind.

A hall was procured, posters put up, and a rehearsal had preparatory to opening on a certain night, a few days after the arrangement with the showman had been completed, and everything worked smoothly and hopefully for the future.

But Chin Chin got full of gin as usual, and in order to prevent him from giving himself away before the audience, Chips took some mucilage and covered the inside of the skull-cap, so that it could not be pulled off.

In fact, it stuck so closely that the poor devil was obliged to wear it all the time, although he did not know it until the next day after their first night's show.

There was a good paying house, and the performance went off with a hurrah, as did two others in Omaha, after which they pulled up stakes and started east.

CHAPTER IV.

THE trick that Chips played upon Chin Chin, by fastening his skull cap (which he wore for the sake of showing a false pigtail in place of the one he had lost) to his head with mucilage, once more made him dance, pull at the false pigtail, and say cuss words.

"Where're be—where're be?" he yelled, the night after the first performance was over, and he was trying to remove his skull-cap.

"What's der matter wid you?" asked Chips.

"Plig tailie no comie," he said, tugging at it and dancing wildly about the dressing-room.

"No come; wal, let it go then."

"Me no—me no. Hellie damie, whattie make?"

Meanwhile Spades was laughing all over himself, as was Scovill, who had tumbled to the fun.

"What makie stickie so?"

"It am a growin' dar fo' shuah," said Spades.

"Me bustie someblody's shell, so be," he cried.

"Bust yer own, Chin."

"Let it alone. It will save you the trouble of dressing, and nobody will know the difference," said Scovill.

"Oh, hellie damie, how be?"

"I'll tell you how 'tis, Chin. Yer head's swelled so that the cap won't come off," said Chips, laughing.

"Me makie someblody head swell. You play game on me allie time, so be."

"Me?"

"So be. Gotie debil in you, heap big, alle same like assjack rablit, so have. Me kick."

"Don't kick a chap yer know, Chinny, ole man. Keep cool, an' let the swellin' get out of yer head, and then the cap'll come off all right."

"Oh, by golly, I arn't had so much fun since Christmas," said Spades.

"Hellie damie. Me gible some more, so be," said Chin, giving him a kick in the shins.

Look out dar. It's a bad man, an' I carries a razor. Go 'long away from me."

"Me kickie damie head lof."

"What fo'? I didn't do nuffin."

"What makie so flesh with toe-hee all time like cussie assjack."

"Oh, that's all right, Chinny. It'll come off after yer get over bein' mad," said Chips, soothingly.

But that damn cap and pigtail did not come off for a long time after that, and finally he got used and partially

reconciled to it, and only a few people ever dreamed that it was a false one.

They went from Omaha to Council Bluffs, and there gave a show which a little more than paid expenses, and of which our friends formed the most attractive part of the entertainment, as they did at Omaha. The little act which Chips had arranged, in which all three of them could have a part, made a hit.

Chips enacted the part of a San Francisco hoodlum to the very life, for, in fact, he was only acting what he had been nearly all his life. Spades came on next with his banjo, and they had quite a long conversation upon Frisco affairs, and finally Chin Chin comes on with a bundle of dirty clothes that he is supposed to be taking home to "ma." Both Chips and Spades "go for" that Heaton Chinese, and the result is that there is a heap of fun. Then came his ventriloquism.

It was quite a little act, and occupied nearly half an hour. Not a word of it had ever been written, but Chips had studied it out and taught it to the others, together with the business of the scene.

From Council Bluffs they scooped in a few little towns on the road to Kansas City, where they arrived the second week after their first start.

Chips was delighted with his new life, for, in fact, he had always been more or less stage struck, and to become an actor was the ambition of his life. Now he regarded himself as on the high road to wealth and fame, while Spades was happy because he was nearing home, and Chin Chin was happy because the others were.

In Kansas City, Scovill thought he could put in a week, but he was mistaken. Panorama's were played out, nobody wanted to see even a good one, and this was an old dabb of a thing that had seen hard usage.

Chips called it the old moving board fence.

Well, the result was that the first three nights paid, but the other three did not, and they lost more than they made.

Consequently there were no salaries paid, and he barely had money enough to get out of town with. The vicissitudes of a showman's life were upon them, and the reality of the thing didn't seem but little like the romance of it.

Well, they finally reached Jefferson City, about half way between Kansas City and St. Louis. It is the capital of Missouri and quite a smart little city, finely situated and laid out, and containing, besides the public buildings, some very fine residences.

But the inhabitants didn't seem to cotton to the show really a cent's worth, and the result was, two very bad losses. Scovill wasn't much of a manager anyway, and he had calculated on making money enough here to set him on his pins again, instead of which he lost what little he did have, and the landlord seized the old panorama for the rent of his hall, and the show was busted.

It was rather a heavy blow for Chips and his friends, but Scovill seemed to be used to busting up, and had probably done so dozens of times before.

They loafed around Jefferson City for two or three days, waiting for something to turn up, and hardly knowing what to do next. They were all nearly dead broke, not having received a cent of salary since leaving Omaha, and spending nearly all they had made while working there in the hotel.

Finally Scovill disappeared, and they were left entirely alone to face the music.

It wasn't a very pleasant experience, but it was just such a one as thousands of showmen have had to encounter, and always with most likely. But they had managed to get over several hundred miles of the way, and that was more than nothing.

"Well, fellers, what'll we do now?" asked Chips, after finding themselves alone.

"I don't know," said Chin Chin.

"I don't care, I's almost ter St. Louis," said

"Hookie yidie."

"Oh, that's all very well ter say. But yer can't hook rides 'round here so well as yer can 'tween 'Frisco an' Omaha."

"Hookie yamepama an' give show."

"Oh, hang ther bloody old panorama. We could give a better show without it."

"Let yamepama go hellie. Give show allie same."

"Well, we've got ter get out of this town, anyway. This place's no good for us."

"I say let's go fo' St. Louis," said Spades.

"Yes, Sently Louis, so be."

"All right, but we've gotter hoof it 'til we strike something better."

"Allie yitie. Mo be."

And seeing no other way, they concluded to harness "Shanks' mare," and start towards St. Louis, taking pot luck by the way as they had always done.

It is about three hundred miles from Jefferson City to St. Louis, and with brave hearts the three of them shouldered their scanty traps and started.

The stations are a long distance apart, and they walked nearly all day before they came to a place where there was some accommodation, and completely tired out, they bought some grub and a bed, and got outside of one and inside of the other without loss of time.

The weather was much milder since they had left the great elevations of the Union Pacific road, and were now several hundred miles further south, and well it was for them.

The next day it rained hard, and they concluded to remain in town and not continue their journey until it cleared up. So they loafed around the bar-room all day, as did about twenty others.

It was one of those scenes to be met with in almost any small town, for you most generally find the rough and tumble of local society gathered in the hotel bar-room, but more especially if it happens to be a rainy day.

Chips was quietly watching things and the various characters who were loafing in the place. For the most part it was a lively company, there being several teamsters and bullwhackers present who were bent on having all the fun they could while the sun didn't shine.

One of these fellows was called "Zeb," and a queer coon he was. He was about forty years of age, but his face had evidently never been astonished by a razor, or his hair introduced to a pair of shears. But he proved himself to be a good story-teller, and kept the crowd roaring with laughter for several hours.

And there was another character there who tried to keep up with Zeb in story-telling, but he couldn't do it, for his memory was bad as well as his style, and he was sure to put his foot in it every time he attempted to tell a story.

But this only helped along the fun, in which nearly every one present was taking a hand, with the exception of Chin Chin, who soon got outside of so much of his liquid weakness, gin, that he had a whole circus within himself, and was enjoying it alone in one corner of the room.

Finally a sallow-looking stranger came in with a big, rusty valise, which he placed on the floor near the stove, around which a row of fellows was sitting, and after warming his hands for a moment, went to the bar for the purpose of warming up inside.

Chips sat near the bar, and as he had done nothing thus far towards the general amusement, he took it into his head to try his hand, so he kicked the bag.

Instantly there came from it the smothered squealing of a pig, which attracted the attention of all present.

"Halloo! what's that?" asked one.

"A pig."

Chips gave the bag another kick, and again did the supposed pig commence his squealing.

"That's so—a pig as sure's guns!" said another.

"A pig in a bag."

"An' he never got in thar himself?"

"No. I'll bet drinks he stole it."

"Of course. The chap's a tramp; and maybe as how the pig belongs to some of us."

"Let's open the bag."

Chips gave it another kick, and started another squeal from the supposed little porker.

Just then the owner of the bag came back from the bar.

"What 'er doin' with that yer shoat?" asked one.

"What shoat?" demanded the stranger.

"The one in yer bag."

"What are you giving me, gentlemen? I have no pig in my bag."

"You aren't. What 'er you giving us?"

"No chewing-gum, gentlemen; I am a poor but honest man, hoofing it to Kansas City, and I don't know what you mean."

Chips kicked the bag once more, and raised a squeal.

"What der yer call that?" asked Zeb.

The stranger looked puzzled.

"That's too thin, my fellow-sinner. You have been stealing a pig from somebody."

"I tell you I have got no pig."

"Do yer want us to lose the buoyancy of our spirits? Do you wish to throw a cloud over our fun and oblige some of us to kill you?" asked Zeb.

"You be hanged."

"What!" and half a dozen of them sprung to their feet, and looked ugly.

Again did Chips kick the bag.

"Let's open his bag," said one.

"Yes, I'd kinder like ter see that yer shoat," said a farmer-looking man. "Maybe as how it's one of mine."

"Gentlemen, I'm a poor man and an honest one," commenced the stranger.

"Oh, yes, as honest as the devil," said several.

"But I'll bet you drinks for the crowd that there isn't a pig in my bag."

"Bah!"

"I mean it."

"All right, I'll take that bet," said Zeb.

"Good enough, my friend. Shake."

"Never mind shaking, bounce out that shoat."

The stranger placed his valise upon the bar, and began to unpack it. This did not take long, for his worldly goods were not very extensive, but of course there was no sign of a pig there.

"Well, gentlemen, what do you say?" said he.

"Darned queer, anyhow. We all heard him squeal when the young fellow kicked the bag."

"What do you say?" he asked, turning to Zeb.

"I say, landlord, that's what I say. But I'll be everlastingly hornswoggled an' kicked by mules, if it isn't the funniest thing I ever heard in my life."

"There is something very strange about it, but I know of course that I had no pig in my kit," said the stranger, crowding his things back into the bag, and then throwing it upon the floor.

Chips was watching everything, and when the bag struck the floor he again imitated the squealing of a pig.

"There it is!" and with the exclamation they all started back in alarm.

"Well, that beats the devil."

The stranger was as much puzzled as any of them. He took up the bag again, and held it in his hand for a moment, and then let it drop on the floor. A squeal louder than any previous one was the response.

"The devil's in that bag, an' I've got him," said Zeb.

The owner of the bag took his drink in silence. He felt ill at ease, and was trying to think what it all meant, but could not.

"Say, who's the ventriloquist?" he suddenly asked, as a bright idea shot through his brain.

"What!" said several, who had never before encountered such a question.

"I am convinced that there is a ventriloquist here, somewhere, who is having lots of fun at our expense."

"I say, Tom, what sort of whiskey are you selling to-day?" asked Zeb, of the landlord.

"The same as usual. Why?"

"Well, it seems to have given us all queer notions, and now—did you hear that big word that this stranger got off just now?"

"I repeat it, there is a ventriloquist here," said the stranger. "Who is it?"

"Here be," said Chin Chin, coming forward.

"You a ventriloquist?"

"No, he be so allie time ebly day, gotie debel in him, leap big like ass-jack rabbit, so be," said Chin Chin, pointing to Chips.

All eyes were now turned to the young hoodlum.

"Oh, it's you, eh?"

Chips smiled.

"Wal, gosh a! thrunder!" exclaimed everybody.

"Did you do that?" demanded Zeb.

"Yer bet I did," said Chips.

"Wal, if that don't beat all."

"But I'm glad to find out that 'tis so, for do you know, I began to fear that I had 'em comin' on."

A loud laugh followed, taking advantage of which Chin Chin took off his hat and began passing it around. He never forgot to do that. He collected about a dollar, during which time the people gathered around Chips to learn more about him.

He became a favorite right away, and as they insisted on further evidence of his skill, he placed an empty wine box upon the bar.

"Gotie leap big debel, putie in box, so be," said Chin Chin, pointing to it.

"Now stand a little way back, gents, an' give us a chance," said he, and for the next ten or fifteen minutes he gave them all the fun they wanted.

And this let them into a good thing, for one of the spectators was a conductor on a freight train, and taking a great fancy to Chips, and learning his destination, he invited him to ride with him the next day to St. Louis, an invitation which they did not fail to accept, you bet.

So the next morning they were at the depot long before the train was made up, and the conductor stowed them away in a box-car, where they were made quite comfortable.

But they found it a long, cold ride, in spite of their coats. Chin Chin was especially uncomfortable, and growled like a dog with a sore leg.

"What's der matter wid yer, olo man?" asked Chips, as they rolled slowly along.

"Oh, I be cold," said he, with chattering teeth.

"Fleesie allie up like ice cream."

"What's der matter wid yer teeth?"

"Gotie jilins glam guess."

"I'll tell yer what we can do if yer'll only keep up that shake."

"Whatie?"

"Let Spades play his lumps, I'll play tumbler, an' you do the same business wid yer back chivers," said he, laughing.

"Can't do it easily, so be."

"Oh, this ain't very cold."

"Widder had glim?" said Chin Chin, mournfully.

"Ah, yer want yer stove more, hey?"

"Es, me do, ebly time."

"How is it wid you, Spades?" he asked, turning to the negro who was curled up in one corner trying to keep warm.

"Well, Chips, I can't say but I'm cold," said Spades.

"I shall say that by and by, for yer words are cold as ice."

"But I'm cold, and I want it. We can't do anything in this box-car wid two stove pipes to keep us

borinist. Change off. Get up an' bounce around same's I do, an' yer'll keep warm good enough."

"Me don't callie damie; me pass in chippie an' go hellie," said Chin Chin, sorrowfully.

"Nonsense; yer arn't goin' ter pass in yer chips this time. Get up an' shake yerself."

"Me shakie allie time now, so be."

"Git up an' prance around."

"Prancie allie gone likie woodbine."

"Not much. Come here, Spades; help me pull him up on his legs."

"All right, Chips, anything fo' exercise," said Spades, struggling to his feet.

"We'll all warm up at Chin's expense."

"Ginnie?" he asked, with a little more animation.

"No, walkie," said Chips.

"Me walkie allie fleese up, so be."

"We'll thaw it out. Come up here," and both Chips and Spades caught hold of him.

"Hellie damie, no! Me pass in chippie, me no callie damie. Me no callie 'bout skool kleep."

"Fetch him along," and they both pulled on him until they got him on his feet, and then they just did trot him around that empty freight car at a lively tune, while he was yelling in all sorts of broken China and pleading to be let alone.

But they kept at him until they got his blood in circulation and got themselves warmed up at the same time, and then of course he felt better.

Spades seemed to get new life entirely, and so good did it make him feel that he got out his old banjo and tuned her up, after which he played a jig and Chips and Chin Chin began to dance.

"That's der talk! Go in, Chin!" cried Chips.

"Me go in ebley time, so be."

"Don't want to pass in yer chips now, do yer?"

"Me guess no. Me lib lilly while, blime by, so be."

"Of course yer will. Eh—eh, Spades?"

"Go it, boys! I only wish that somebody else could play, an' let me hoe down a little while," and then he sang:

"Oh, arn't yer gwine down;
Oh, arn't yer gwine down;
Arn't yer gwine down to St. Louis town
Ter buy yer terbacky down dar?"

"Of course we be. Get everythin' down there. Are yer acquainted there, Spades?"

"Used ter be."

"Think yer can get us under cover there?"

"Guess I can, Chips, if de boys an' gals don't all forget me. Used to know a powerful lot ob folks in St. Louis."

"What did yer go ter 'Frisco for?"

"Went dar ter dig gold."

"An' did yer dig any?" asked Chips, laughing.

"Dig? I fool 'round dar 'bout two year, an' den I 'dug out,' yer bet, an' henh I is—"

"Bound ter go down to St. Louis town
Ter buy my terbacky down dar."

"Good enough. Wonder where we are now?"

"Onie clar," said Chin Chin, meekly.

"Yes, but I guess we had been on a car about long enough to be in St. Louis," said Chips, trying to look through a crack to see where they were.

The train was slackening up, but whether at a way station or at St. Louis they could not tell. One thing they knew; it was nearly dark, and the conductor had told them that they would be there about midnight.

At last the train came to a stand still, and after some little time the door was unlocked and the door, at the same time indicating that they had reached St. Louis, and attempted to show them where they were to go.

"Lord bress yer, chile, I knows all 'bout dis yertown," said Spades, leaping with joy.

"All right, then, put on steam and go ahead."

"But we're ever so much obliged to you, boss, for givin' us this ride," said Chips.

"You're welcome. Wish I could have made it warmer for you, but I couldn't. Good-bye and good luck to you."

"Thanks! Same ter you," and shaking hands with the warm-hearted conductor, they started away.

Spades was perfectly at home in St. Louis, and he was not long in finding somebody he knew, and in getting a square meal for them all and a bed for the night, which they needed so much.

The next day they all felt first-rate, and after breakfast they went out to see the city.

Chin Chin was more than delighted, for there he found several Chinamen, and felt that he had got among friends.

They walked about for several hours, Spades acting as guide, visiting the levee, the public buildings and finally the market.

Here it was that Chin Chin's curiosity got him into trouble. He saw so many things that he had never seen before that he was completely dazed.

It was while wandering about in this way that he came upon some live lobsters.

"What be, lilly debil?" he asked, stirring them up with his fingers.

Just then one of them fastened itself to his finger with the grip of a vise, and the way he did dance and shout was a caution to Chinamen.

"Oh, hellie damie! hellie damie! takle lof! takle lof! Oh, oh! debil gotie sure, etly time!" he yelled, while nearly everybody else in the place seemed to enjoy the fun immensely.

"What's ther matter, Chinny, ole man?" asked Chips.

"Takle lof, klick! Bitie cussie flingler lof alle time, so be, klick!" he yelled, dancing around at the same time and trying to shake the lobster off.

The fishmonger finally came to his rescue and removed the biter, and then he went dancing and whirling around among the people, howling and sucking his lacerated finger.

Chips and Spades followed and tried to keep up with him, but it was no use.

Suffering with pain and half frightened to death, kicked and hustled by first one and then another whom he ran against, he at length ran into a policeman, who grabbed him and yanked him along through the streets towards the lock-up, believing him to be either drunk or crazy.

Chips and Spades finally struck his trail and followed after him.

CHAPTER V.

It will be remembered that our heroes had arrived at St. Louis, and that Chin Chin had got into difficulty with a live lobster, and that this difficulty resulted in his being arrested and taken to the lock-up, whither he had been followed by Chips and Spades.

Poor Chin Chin! his finger was still bleeding from shaking hands with the lobster, and he was so utterly confused that he forgot what little English he knew, and could make no explanation when he was taken before the marshal.

"What is the matter with this, Johnny?" asked the officer, of the policeman who had made the gallant arrest.

"Hang me if I know, sir. I found him at the market sucking his finger, yelling and cavorting around like a guinea hen on a war dance. He was running into and upsetting people all about the market, and so I took him in."

"What's the matter with you, John?" asked the marshal, addressing Chin Chin.

The answer which the frightened devil made to this inquiry, sounded like the tune of a demoralized buzz-saw.

"Oh, get out with your tea-chest gibberish! Can't you talk United States?" said the marshal, laughing.

"Oh, me—me—me (and here came a string of very good words) so be," said he.

"Oh, you're 'high,' are you? Well, I guess you are. Got full of bug-juice, eh?"

More unintelligible gibberish.

"Oh, he's full of gin," said the officer.

"Ah! me no; me no ginnie!" said he, earnestly.

"Oh, that's too thin."

Just then Chips and Spades entered the room, and the poor fellow nearly went wild on beholding his friends. He jumped about and went through with the most extravagant gestures to show his delight, and thereby partially recovered his English speech.

"Oh, hellie, damie! me alle yite now, so be? Me hunkly doly now, ebly time. Hi—hi!"

"Be quiet!" yelled the officer, giving him a whack with his club.

"Me don't callie damie, Chippie come, so Spadie. Allie same, know Chin Chin, ebly time," said he, shaking them both by the hand.

"What's der matter wid yer, ole man? What'd they take yer in for?" asked Chips.

"Me no, debil bitie flinger; me jumpie, so," said he, going through the motions again, "an' hosliver pullie in here, so be."

"Well, that's rather rough, judge," said Chips, turning to the marshal.

"What's rough?" he demanded, looking down at the brave little fellow.

"Why, jerkin' in a poor cove cos he got his finger hurt."

"Hellie damie, lookie!" said Chin Chin, showing his lacerated finger to the marshal.

"How did he get hurt?"

"Well, judge—"

"Stop; I'm no judge."

"Well, boss—yer a boss, arn't yer?"

"Never mind. Go ahead."

"Well, yer see we are strangers in these diggings, and

"Where do you hail from?"

"Frisco."

"Frisco ebly time, so be," put in Chin.

"Well, go on with your story."

"An' we were down to market where this chap he seed some live lobsters, an' never havin' seen any afore, he went in the rin' around 'mong 'em, when one of 'em shook hands with him," said Chips, grinning.

Both the marshal and the officers laughed.

"Sure he wasn't going to steal it?"

"Dead sure, boss."

"Oh, me no hookie. Me good Chinaman. Do washie, so be," added Chin Chin.

"Yer see, boss, he thort as how they were some sort of devils, an' when one of 'em began ter sample his finger, it scared him almost ter death, an' that's what made him yell so like a stuck pig," said Chips.

"I guess you'd make a pretty good lawyer, young fellow," said the marshal, half admiringly.

"Oh, he goodie ebly time, so be. Gotie debil in him heap big, like assjack rablit; betie you."

This wasn't the most judicious recommendation that might have been given, but it rather pleased the marshal, and he laughed heartily over it.

"Well, I will let you go this time; but don't get taken in again," said he.

"Betic you ebly time. Me no mo' debil on flingles. Gotie belly heap full."

"All right; I hope you have," said he, waving them all towards the door.

"Much obliged, boss. He's a putty good sort of a chap, an' so be I."

"I guess so. Good-by."

"Me washie-washie flor you, so be?" asked Chin Chin of the marshal.

"No, not to-day."

"Sometime, hap?"

"Well, perhaps so."

"Me good Chinaman."

"Oh, come along, yer big duffer. If yer give him any more chin-music he'll lock yer up anyway," said Chips, pulling him from the room.

"Whatie bitie so?" he asked, as they walked along.

"Why, a lobster," replied Chips.

"Me go back; knockie stuffin' out."

"Not much. Their stuffin's good ter eat, an' yer have to pay ter knock it out."

"Knockie somebody stuffin' out, so be."

"Better keep quiet, ole man, or you'll get jerked back there again an' bounced."

"Allie yite. Me good allie same," he replied, and they waked along some time without again referring to the matter.

"Well, what shall we do now?" asked Chips, addressing Spades.

"Wal, Chips, I am grutly in doubt, in my mind, if we can do better den to board down dur wid Aunt Sally, an' fin' a job some whar," replied Spades.

"S'pose she'll hang us up 'til we get some sugar?"

"Chips, dat ole gal, Aunt Sally, am an angel in home-spun clus. I don't know how she am on de harp; but she can dance dat free hundred pounds ob her meat jus' as lively as a fairy when she hean de entransing warblin' ob a barnjo."

"Yes; but do yer think she'll chalk us up 'till we get fixed wid shug?"

"I am feelin' dat she will. She hab got 'bout six pounds ob heart, an' war neber known ter go back on de boys," said Spades.

"That's der kind ob tooth-pick we're lookin' for."

"She might keep us a little short; but what I am a givin' yer is, dat I think she'll take us in."

"That's good."

"Hunkey doley!" chimed Chin Chin.

"But you are home now, what be you goin' ter do?"

"Chips, let's bless yer. I aren't ter home nowhar. I used ter live here, an' I know some people heah, but I hab got no 'lations, no how," said he, sadly.

"Oh, I didn't know but yer had some rich uncle or aunt here, that might pay out an' leave yer a bundle. Too bad. But what be yer goin' ter do?"

"Wal, dat amn't worry certain, Chips; I'll lay off, an' see what turns up."

"All right. We'll do the same. But I guess we'll go down an' see Aunt Sally, an' get into her good graces ther first thing."

"Auntie belly good," mused Chin Chin.

"Auntie belly big," said Chips, and away they started to interview the old colored woman with whom they had lodged the night before.

The old auntie of whom they had been speaking, is one of the characters of St. Louis. She owned a little house on Florida street, near the levee, where she took a few boarders, mostly roustabouts or boatmen. Black or white, or cream color, it made no difference to her so long as they paid for what they got, and didn't tear down her house.

She was about forty years of age, and weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. She was withal one of the jolliest old wenches in the city, and nothing pleased her like having a lot of rough, good-natured characters around her, who would go into almost anything for the sake of a good time.

She was a widow, and it was her playfulness that made her one, for she got to fooling with her husband one day, and sat down on him. He was so flat that he was buried between two boards.

Spades introduced the subject after they had got back to her house. He told her all about the long journey they had made, and being now dead broke, asked her if she wouldn't allow them to remain in her house until they could earn money and get on their feet again.

The old gal looked at them closely.

Chips was her favorite, as he was everybody's, and he managed to keep her laughing nearly all the time that he was in the house.

And among her boarders he was held in high esteem, and they got as much fun out of him as the fat landlady did.

As for Chin Chin, he was rather glum, and not inclined to go among them much, for the story of his pigtail was known to them all, and making himself a skull cap out of the leg of one of aunty's old stockings (by cutting off about a foot of the leg and then sewing it up), he worked away, and drank his gin on the sly, not even giving Rose a smell of it.

But Chips got him agoing one night, after they had been there about a week, and with the assistance of a bottle of his weakness and Spade's banjo, he contrived to show the boarders such a breakdown as they had never seen before.

This started the festivities, and even old aunty forgot her weight and joined with him in the dance, making the whole house shake to a degree that all the furniture and dishes kept time, and appeared to be endowed with the spirit of motion.

Then it came Chips' turn to do something, and he proceeded to astonish them with his ventriloquism, after which Chin Chin (for he never forgot that part of the business) passed around his skull cap to take up a collection, and somebody emptied a glass of beer into it.

In fact, it was a night of old-fashioned fun, and Chips from that time forth was regarded as one of the greatest ventriloquists in the world.

But he had considerable fun at the News Company a few days after this, succeeding at the same time in getting up quite an excitement.

He had fooled several clerks and helpers by imitating the voice of the superintendent as though calling them from his private office, but not one of them had tumbled to it.

One noontime, however, he found a good chance to get the fellows all on a string. Just before going to dinner a large box had been taken into the room, to be opened on their resuming work in the afternoon.

Chips had watched his opportunity, and nailed up an envelope and put it in its place, and taking a marking pen and pen-knife, he wrote on the cover of the box:

"Mad Dog—Handle With Care."

On their return the boys noticed the mark, and while wondering why they had not seen it before, they began to speculate upon it, the general opinion being that somebody had played a joke on them. In fact, they even suspected who it was, the box having been sent, as they supposed, from a well-known Chicago publisher.

"What a sell!" said one of them, at the same time giving the box a kick.

Chips was watching his chances, and no sooner had the fellow kicked it than a fierce growl was heard as though coming from the box.

"Thunder and tar!" exclaimed half a dozen. "There is a dog in there, and no mistake."

"Great Moses!" said others.

"Father Abraham!" ejaculated still others, while everybody manifested a desire to put a convenient distance between them and the suspected box.

"Good Heavens! this may be no joke after all."

"Not if it is really a mad dog. What shall we do?"

That was a conundrum which everybody appeared willing to give up.

Chips approached the box carefully.

"Look out, young fellow," cried several.

"Nonsense! He can't get out," replied Chips.

"Ah; but he might, though; keep back!"

"Bah!"

And he tipped the box over on its side, scratching

with his hands at the same time to imitate a dog on the inside.

Then arose a series of smothered growls and suspicious barks, which caused some to run from the room, and others to leap upon the folding counter.

"Send for the police!"

"Shoot him through the box."

"Shoot him through the head, more like."

"Throw the box down stairs."

"Take it out into the street and burn it," and various other suggestions were offered.

The superintendent was called, and he gave the box a kick which brought forth more growls.

"Who played this trick?" he demanded.

"How should we know? The box came from Chicago."

"No, it didn't. This isn't one of their packing cases. Somebody has sent this from somewhere else. Go for a policeman, quick!"

A couple of the fellows ran out for an officer, while the others speculated on the meanness of such a piece of business, and wondered how they had ever managed to get a mad dog into the box without being bitten themselves, and while they were in the midst of it, a policeman arrived.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the officer, coming boldly to the front.

"Somebody has shipped us a box with a mad dog in it," said several.

"Thunder! You don't say so?"

"Fact. Read that," and they pointed to the box.

"*'Mad dog. Handle with care.'* Well, I should say so. But aren't you mistaken?"

"No; just kick the box."

The officer swung one of his number twelves at it, and nearly broke in one side, at which there were heard those same savage growls and smothered barking.

"Well, we shall be obliged to shoot him through the box, I suppose. Don't you think so?" he asked, turning to the superintendent.

"Yes, I guess that is the best way," said he.

"All right. Stand away from it," and he took a navy pistol from his pocket.

Chips dodged behind a pile of papers so as not to be in danger of being hit, and at the same time not to be too far away.

The officer proceeded to riddle that innocent box with bullets, and at every discharge, in fact, all the time he was firing, Chips kept up the imitation of a dog who was getting pills injected into him somewhat suddenly, until at length, after the last shot, they died away so effectually that nothing could be heard.

"There, I guess he isn't so mad now as he was," said the officer, proudly.

"You bet he isn't," was the general reply.

"Now open the box, and let's see how he looks."

It required one of the bravest of them to obey this order, and he approached the box with hammer and chisel very cautiously. He kicked it several times, but there was no response, and as he began to drive the chisel under the cover, the other fellows gathered timidly and anxiously around.

"Careful, now; he mightn't be dead," said one, and then several of them armed themselves with whatever they could lay their hands on for self-defense.

Slowly, cautiously the cover was lifted off, and they began to look for the mad dog. They didn't find any, of course, but there was a mad policeman there. He saw that they had put the job up on him, and threatened to arrest somebody.

But he finally concluded to charge it to them, and went away as mad as a cutting hen, leaving the fellows to solve the mystery the best way they could.

At length the box of books was discovered, and found to be just the same size as the empty one that had fooled them

so, and then they began to smell a mice, and to look for the joker who had managed it all so artfully.

They gave up the task that day, but that night Chips was seen giving some ventriloquial imitations at a saloon by one of the boys who worked for the News Company, and he gave the whole thing away.

The result was that Chips was bounced out of his situation, although everybody declared that it was the best played joke that they had ever known.

But Chips didn't care much. His restless nature wanted

points of interest, such as the lake view, as seen from the Government road, light-house, bridges across the canal, etc.

"What der yer think of it, Chin Chin?" asked Chips, after they had walked around a few hours.

"Belly goodie. Like Hong Klong, so be," said Chin.

"Hong—thunder! What are yer givin' us? Why, they'll run you through a grain elevator if they hear you say as how this ere city is like Hong Kong."

"So be? Hong Kong belly goodie," said he, meekly.



"Bress de Lor', Spades, wha' hab I done?" she said, while a look of horror overspread her full-moon face.

a change, and so with Chin Chin and Spades, he started for Chicago to see what fortune had for them there.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH they had been in St. Louis less than a month, Chips, Chin Chin, and Spades had managed to make and save considerable money, enough, at least, to pay their fare second-class from there to Chicago.

And so, in less than a week after Chips had been fired out of his situation, they landed in the Queen City of the west, dead broke as usual, but full of life and hope.

There is quite a rivalry existing between St. Louis and Chicago. Each claims to be the largest, richest, and most enterprising city, and many amusing things have been said and written on the subject of this rivalry, until now it is not safe for a person living outside of the two cities to contend or admit that either city has one inhabitant more than the other.

But Chicago is undoubtedly one of the liveliest, brightest, and most enterprising cities in the world, and what is more, it is really the most American city in the United States, in sentiment and action, if not in point of nationality.

They braced around and got some grub, after which they started to "scoop in" the sights, visiting several

"Oh, yes, good 'nough for Chinaman," said Chips, contemptuously, for like almost everybody else, he had fallen in love with the place.

"I don't tink dat it comes quite up to St. Loui'," said Spades, who still retained some of the feeling that all inhabitants have of the great River City.

"Oh, give us a rest! Stick up for Chicago as long as yer in it, anyway. But I say, fellows, what the devil are we goin' ter do for a livin'?"

"Washie-washie, so be," said Chin Chin.

"Yes, but where are we going to stay till we get something to do? That's the rub."

"Hookie some housie," suggested Chin Chin, who always associated stealing with getting along in the world.

"Hadn't we better hook a steamboat, and go ter carry-in' passengers for a livin'?" answered Chips.

"Allie yite; me do?"

"Oh, yes; you'd steal a clock of stores if yer only could."

"No, me findie."

"Yes, the same's yer did the watch."

The mention of watch caused Chin Chin to give himself away badly, for quick as thought he slapped his hand upon that portion of his clothing where he had secreted a watch which he had "found," to make sure that he had not lost it.

Chips tumbled in an instant.

"Trot it out," he demanded.

"Me no," said Chin Chin, instantly withdrawing his hand and assuming a look of innocence.

"Yes yer have. Yer've muzzled another ticker, an' I'll bet on it. Come, out with it."

"Me no, so be, ebly time."

"What was yer doin' with yer hand down there? Let's see what yer got."

"Me feelie bugie bite, lat lall."

"Too thin, ole man. Show up."

"Me hopelie die, so be."

"Le's go for him," suggested Spades.

"All right, come on," he said, seizing Chin by one arm while Spades held the other.

"Oh, hellie damie! Me no."

"We're goin' through yer ter see what we can find, anyway."

"No—no. Me shellie lout," said he.

"All right; go ahead, then."

They released him, and reluctantly he went down into his clothes somewhere and returned with a quarter of a dollar, which he offered Chips.

"Oh, that's it, hey?" said he, taking it.

"Allie gotie, so be."

"Not much. Pan out, or we'll make yer."

"Me no. Me poo' allie same likie Job's turkly, so be," he protested.

"We'll go through yer an' see what we can find in yer 'crop,' at all events," said Chips.

"Me no! Me yellie 'licie likie hellie."

"Oh, yer will, hey? Now, if yer don't shell out everything yer got stowed away in them old duds, I'll hand yer over to ther police, an' have 'em search you for stolen property."

"Oh, hellie damie! Whatie makie glo black on me?" he whined.

"We arn't a goin' back on yer. Yer goin' back on us, for you've got sugar about yer duds, an' we're dead broke an' nowhere. So come down, or I'll give yer 'way back.'"

It was like pulling teeth, but Chin Chin knew that Chips was in earnest, and had a very bad way of doing just as he said he would, and so, after making enough wry faces to sicken a goat, he finally pulled forth the watch.

"Ho—ho! just as I thought; another ticker," said Chips, seizing it.

"Golly! wonder how many mo' he hab got in he clothes?" said Spades.

"The Lord only knows! Where'd you collar this?"

"Me no clollar; me findie, so be," said Chin.

"Where'd you 'find' it?"

"Saintie Loulis."

"Who'd yer find it on?"

"On glound, so be."

"What'er givin' us?"

"Tickie," he replied, meekly.

"Givin' us corn-starch on a stick, I guess."

"No, tickie, allie time."

"Well, yer seem to go on 'tick' a little too much."

"No—no, me honest Linglum."

"You may be a good 'nough Injun, but I guess yer a crooked Chinaman. However, as they say in court, we're bound ter 'believe yer innercint 'till yer proved guilty, and as there isn't much danger of that, we may as well be livin' on 'tick.' Yer stay here 'till I find a spout shop," said he, starting out upon Milwaukee avenue.

"I say, Chinny, les look 'round heah, an' see if we can't find anoder ticker," said Spades, with a grin upon his face as big as a chair bottom.

Chin Chin looked exceedingly foolish for a moment, without speaking.

"You too flesh," he said, at length.

They were walking slowly along so that Chips might

catch up with them, when just as Chin spoke he uttered a little scream, and suddenly disappeared.

Spades was at that moment laughing, and he turned to see what the matter was with Chin Chin, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"By golly, dat am funny. Wonder where he hab gone ter?" he said, looking up and down the street.

Not seeing him in either direction he looked up, for the disappearance had been so sudden that he was not certain that the Chinaman had not taken wings and gone aloft.

"Wal, I 'clar ter goodness, dat am de quarest t'ing dat I eber seed in my life. Chin Chin, whar am yer?" he called.

A faint echo from somewhere answered him, and it was so very faint and uncertain in location, that the puzzled darkey failed to recognize it.

"Whar am yer?" he called again.

The same reply from somewhere reached his ears again, and puzzled him still further.

Just then a policeman happened along and asked him what the trouble was.

"Wal, boss, dar's whar you hab got me by de wool," said he. "I war walkin' slow 'long heah wid a Chinaman, when all o' a sudden I hearn him gib a little yell, an' when I looked 'round he war gone fo' shuah, an' de Lord only knows where."

"That's funny," said the policeman, looking around in a puzzled sort of a way.

"Chin Chin, whar am yer?" Spades called again.

They both listened for a reply, and finally heard that same smothered reply from somewhere.

The policeman walked back a few yards and found an open coal hole in the sidewalk. He stooped down to look in, but it was as dark as midnight there.

"Halloo! Anybody down there?" he called.

"Hellie damie, makie all blakie; head smash, blackie bloke all to pieces, an' deble gotie allie time," was the reply he received.

"Dat's him," said Spades.

"He fell down this coal hole."

"Hellie damie; allie knockie pieces," said poor Chin Chin, rattling around among the coal about fifteen feet below them.

The policeman went to the house and aroused the people, and Chin Chin was soon released; but such a looking cove as he was. He was bleeding from several not very serious cuts, his clothes were torn, and his face and hands were as black as those of Spades.

The servant assisted him to wash, the policeman threatened the owner for leaving the coal hole open, and the result was that he received five dollars to keep quiet, and Chin Chin got ten to plaster up his wounds, "finding" a couple of silver spoons while in the kitchen, which he immediately put out of sight.

This, of course, made him feel better. In fact, when Chips rejoined them he was as gay as a lark.

"Me allie hunkly doly now. Me bully bloy wid glass eye, so be," said he, stopping to dance a few steps on the sidewalk.

"What's the matter wid him now?" asked Chips. "Haa he found another ticker?"

Spades told him about the accident.

"Bully. Give us yer hand, ole man. Yer the luckiest cuss I ever knew."

"Me hunkly doly, so be."

"That's all right. I got a ten on the ticker, an' the ten you got for der tumble will keep us bully for a long time."

"Me glo black an' tumble down some mo', so be," said he, stopping short.

"Nonsense. Yer might bust your neck an' get fired out for a fraud."

"Makie ten dollar ebly time."

"Yes, but yer can't play it but once in a while."

It took her by surprise, but like all winners of all times, all she had to do was wait, and as it was time for her to look her brother-in-law and was giving him the usual "long haul" to make him get on with it.

And oh! how he did make love to her as they rode along. He told her some of the prettiest little stories that she ever listened to, and attempted to cap the climax by telling her that he was a Chinese mandarin of great wealth and power, and that he was only traveling in this country to allow his pigtail to grow, having lost it in battle.

In the meantime the horse seem to tumble to what was going on in the buggy behind him, and so settled down into a hearse walk, and finally stopped altogether.

By using the whip freely he finally got the old crow-bait into working order again, and once more pointed him for the boulevard.

Here a curious change came over the nag, for no sooner did he find himself in the good company of fast trotters, than he pricked up his ears, started out at an astonishing gait, and didn't make a bad showing.

Chin Chin was delighted.



Up came both heels, and after knocking through the dash board, knocked poor Chin Chin over backwards out of the buggy.

"What kind of a ride do you call this?" she asked, pointing to the old nag, who had now fallen asleep.

Chin Chin awoke from his dream, and looked at the dreamer before him. Then he seized the whip, and gave it to him lively.

The horse didn't appear to like that sort of treatment, and he "kicked," and it wasn't a figurative kick either, for up came both heels, and after knocking through the dash board, knocked Chin Chin over backwards out of the buggy.

The widow screamed, of course, and as for poor Chin Chin, he landed on the top of his head, and drove that plug hat completely over his face and eyes; and he floundered around there in the dirt for two or three minutes before he could get upon his feet and pull the hat off.

Then he said cuss words enough to fill a Chinese dictionary, and vowed by the largest joss in the land that he would kill the bony beast.

He managed to get back into the buggy again, and resumed his seat alongside of his charmer.

"Cussie damie hoss gotie mo'hellie in him lan house!" said he, and he took up the reins.

"Muchie bully hoss; go like teleglaf pole, so be. Hi—hi—hi!" he added, yelling at the nag.

And that nag instantly developed a new point, and that point was to stop suddenly. This had not been calculated upon by either Chin Chin or his lady, so they were both pitched out on top of the pile of bones.

Chin Chin of course flew to the relief of the widow, but just as he was stooping over to pick her up from the ground, that beastly old horse reached for him with one of his hind legs, and landed him sprawling in the dirt five or six feet away.

It was a sad state of affairs, and if cursing in three or four languages could have helped matters any, Chin Chin would have fixed things in two minutes.

"Cussie damie hoss. Me killie all pieces," said he, struggling to his feet with the widow.

"Oh—oh! Am I bleeding anywhere?" she asked, arranging her sadly demoralized drapery.

"No; allie hunkly doly; guess; but me killie dam hoss, so be, eibly time."

"No—no, don't hurt the horse. You are to blame," said she, as she limped back towards the buggy.

"Me blame! Damie cuss kickie my lass, break neck all time wid you."

"Never mind, let's go home," said she.

"Me no. Have yide out, killie damie hoss all same, so be."

"No—no, I'll not risk it," said she, and just then one of her Oriental friends drove along in his team, and took her along with him.

Then Chin Chin took turns at kicking himself and that

"Me no pay. Me losie wife, heap money."

"Won't pay, hey?"

"Me no," said he, turning to leave the stable.

"Got any further use for the top of your head?" said the proprietor, drawing a big pistol.

"Oh—oh! me no!" exclaimed Chin Chin.

"Come down!"

"How muchie?" asked he, diving into his pockets, and trying to dance out of range of the pistol.



Five dogs, fifty boys, and the other parts of an excited crowd, were chasing poor Chin Chin as hard as he could run.

old horse. And the horse seemed to enjoy the fun first rate, for every now and then he would send out one of his hind propellers and raise poor Chin Chin three or four feet into the air.

Finally he got into the buggy again, and started the old nag back towards home, a movement which pleased the old kicker very much. But, oh, how mad that euchred Chinaman was.

He lashed the old bone-bay all the way back to the stable, without, however, getting him into a trot or seeming to get him excited.

"Hellie cussie, damie hoss!" said he, as he drove into the stable again.

"What's the matter, John?" asked the proprietor.

"Cussie damie! kicklie stuffin lout me, an' my gal, belly putty gal, an' she go ride wiv anoder Chinaman. Me lose heap money, no catchie belly nice wife, cussie hoss kickie head lof allie time. so be."

"Well, that's because you didn't know how ter drive him. He's a nice horse."

"Likie hellie. Me no pay."

"What?" exclaimed the owner.

"Five dollars."

"Oh, hellie damie! Me lose wife; heap money. hoss kickie stuffin lout—how muchie?"

"Five dollars," replied the man.

"Me no so muchie."

"Off with yer toggery, then, or I'll hand you over to the police."

"Four dollie?"

"Five dollars."

"Four dollie half."

"Five dollars, and no fooling."

"Heap cussie dam shame!" he muttered, as he went through himself after the money.

Well, he paid it after a fashion, and then went home. But he kept the air smelling sulphurous for the next forty-eight hours, on account of the way he expressed himself regarding his attempt at mashing the rich widow with his magnificence.

Chips pretended to take a deep interest in him, and after learning all about it, he advised him to send a challenge to his rival.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER thinking the matter over for some time, Chin Chin consented to do so.

All three of them were playing at the Alhambra at this time, and everything was lovely, with the exception of Chin Chin's hopeless love, out of which Chips calculated to have some fun.

I will not attempt to give the particulars of the act which Chips, Spades and Chin Chin had for their principal part, for the reader has by this time become pretty well acquainted with it, and they most likely conclude that it was a success; as were the specialties which each of them had.

And as usual, they had made a large number of friends off the stage, as well as on it. Chips was an especial favorite with everybody, both behind and in front of the scenes, on account of his mischief and natural inclination to deviltry, and when he told of Chin Chin's adventure with the widow, he made such a funny story of it, that it set every one to laughing; Chin Chin became an object of interest, even with the audiences, several of whom had heard the story.

But when Chips told several of the actors that he proposed to get up a duel between the rivals, they joined heartily in the racket, and lent him their assistance in working it.

The first thing to do, however, was to work Chin Chin up to the boiling point regarding the insult he had received.

"Of course you'll fight him," said Chips.

"Fightee! knockie stuffin allie lout, so be. Cuttie head lof an' make pot pie, so will," said he, clenching his fists and dancing around.

"That's all right, cull, but yer must do it high toned, see?"

"Kickie head lof!"

"No, call him out."

"How be!"

"Challenge him."

"Shootie?"

"Yes; write him a letter in the tea-chest language; tell him he's a bloody duffer for gettin' yer gal away from yer, an' tell him if he don't apologize that he must fight yer, see?"

"Cuttie cussie pigtail lof."

"No, send him a regular challenge; if yer don't, the gal won't think yer a tough an' 'll give yer der cold shake."

"Me do; me stabbie belly allie pieces."

"No, you must shoot him; I'll be yer second; you write the letter ter him an' I'll take it."

"So do, me do," and, seizing a large sheet of white paper, he took a marking brush, and getting down upon his belly on the floor he began to mark out Chinese characters, such as we see on tea chests.

Chips and Spades watched and grinned.

"Give it to him, ole man," said Spades.

"Make it strong, Chinny," said Chips.

"Me gibbe hellie damie, bawle you obly time," replied he, working away.

When the letter was finished, both sides of the paper were covered over with the queer characters, looking more as

though a cockroach had tumbled into an inkstand and then crawled over the paper than anything else, after which he filled up every blank space with crude drawings of pistols, swords, knives, guns, and every other conceivable weapon that was ever heard of.

"That'll make him weaken," said Chips, approvingly.

"By golly, dat 'll make he pigtail stan' up like a cart rung," said Spades, laughing.

"Takie?" said Chin Chin, folding it up and handing it to him.

"Yer bet I will. Wait here 'till I come back, will yer?"

"Me do."

"Better get a pistol and practice shootin'."

"Me shootie all plices."

"All right," and away Chips went, bearing the big and bloody challenge.

Going over to the theater, he found several of the performers there, among whom was Billy Courtright, the celebrated "Flewy" dancer, and to them he exhibited the document.

It created a laugh, of course, and Billy Courtright, who told me this incident, assured me that he now has the original document in his possession, and he prizes it very highly.

Well, three or four of the performers accompanied Chips, when he went to deliver the challenge, for they had all become so greatly interested in the affair, that they wanted to see every phase of it, from first to last.

They found the person to whom the challenge was written, after hunting for some time. His name was Ah Wing, and he bossed a laundry in a little alleyway, leading out of Dearborn street.

They filed into the establishment, and Ah Wing tripped pleasantly forward with his blandest smile, thinking that a perfect rush of business had suddenly fallen upon him.

"Washee-washee?" he asked.

"Nix, John, no washee," said Chips, and then, assuming a tragic air, and striking a very dramatic attitude, he added, as he handed the challenge to him: "Read this."

Ah Wing came near tumbling over into one of his wash tubs, so confounded was he, and with trembling hands, he took the paper.

The fellows gathered around, each with a tragic look upon his face.

Ah Wing unfolded and began to read the letter, making his head go up and down and from right to left as he got at the pith of the thing, and the further he read the more his eyes stuck out.

"Do yer understand it?" asked Chips, after he had finished the reading.

"Yessie. Who Chin Chin?" he asked.

"My friend; the gentleman who was out riding the other day on the Boulevard with a Chinese lady, and you got her away from him," replied Chips, in a very melodramatic manner. "Do you know him now?"

"Yessie. Heap damie foolie," said Ah Wing.

"Sir, you must answer that insult with some blood."

"How muchie?"

"Well, several quarts, more or less."

"Allie yite. I go buy some at slaughter-house," said he, grinning mildly at his own joke.

"No, sir. We must have your blood."

"Fightie?"

"You bet."

"Yessie, me will; me killie damie foolie flor go flor my gal."

"All right. Name yer second, weapons, time and place," said Chips, promptly.

"Me shootie."

"What with, pistols?"

"Yessie."

"Good enough. Now, who's your second?"

"Ah Lung," said he, pointing to one of his men who stood at a table ironing.

"All right, Lung, let's go right out an' fix things," said he, turning to him.

Ah Lung and Ah Wing conversed for a few moments in Chinese. It was evident that Ah Wing, who regarded himself as something of a sport, was anxious to fight for the widow, but his second appeared to disfavor the idea.

Ah Lung was a middle-aged Chinaman with no pigtail. He had resided a long time in Chicago, and spoke very good English, and was, with all, naturally a jovial fellow, ready for almost anything but fighting.

At all events he put on his hat and coat, and followed Chips and his party out into Dearborn street, where they soon found a lager beer saloon, into which they all went and took seats at a table.

Billy Courtright called for the beer, and the Chinaman got outside of his so quick that the Dutchman was in doubt as to whether he had given him any or not. Then they began to talk business.

Ah Lung tried to talk Chips out of the idea, but it was no use; he wanted gore.

Then Ah Lung suggested that he would blow the whole thing to the police, and fearing that he might really do so, he was treated to another beer, and let into the secret of the racket.

Strange to say, the idea pleased him immensely, and he readily became a party to it, and promised to help to carry it out to the best of his ability, and with as serious a looking phiz as he could muster.

This arranged, it was then agreed that he and Ah Wing should ride out of the city about five miles, to a certain locality on the shore of the lake, where Chin Chin and party would join them in two hours' time.

With another round of beer they separated, and Chips went back to see Chin Chin.

He found him with a pasteboard pistol, going through all sorts of wild antics, showing how he would shoot the head off of somebody, and using Spades for his imaginary foe.

"What'r yer doin', ole man?" he asked.

"Shootie stuffin out," he replied, looking as savage as a Chinese idol. "What say?" he added.

"He says he'll shoot yer so full'er holes that yer won't hold water."

Chin Chin stopped and looked worried.

"He says yer can't have the widder unless yer kill him fast."

"When?" he asked, somewhat tamely.

"Right away, so get ready."

Chin Chin was silent. In fact, he looked a trifle sick.

"Yer arn't a weakenin', are yer?"

"Me don't clar much for she," said he, faintly.

"What! Don't care much for the lovely widder?"

"My buy nodder widder, heap big."

"An' yer wanter back down?"

"No, me black up."

"Then brace up."

"Me no, guess."

"Well, I guess yes. Yer've carried the thing too far now ter back out, an' if yer do, Ah Wing'll knock the belly out of yer an' then have yer 'rested for sendin' him a challenge, an' that'll send yer ter States Prison."

"Oh, hellie damie!" he exclaimed.

"Sure's yer born."

"Oh, cussie—cussiel"

"Yer've got ter brace up ter it now, old man."

"Me run 'way."

"No yer won't. Yer've got me inter the muss, an' if yer don't fight it out, I'll give yer 'way myself, sure pop."

"Oh, hellie damie. Me allie same damie foolie allie time. Me cuttie head lof," he added, making a motion to cut his own head off.

"No, yer don't, I'm boss of yer now, an' yer've got to fight or go to prison. Yer're a healthy duffer, arn't yer? Send a man a challenge an' then weaken."

"So be."

"I suppose yer thought he'd weaken."

"So be."

"Wal, he didn't, an' yer've got to brace up. Come, here's some gin," said he, producing a bottle.

"Oh—oh, gipniel!" he exclaimed, diving for it.

"Now brace up."

"Me do allie same, ebly time," and he held the bottle to his mouth till Chips took it away.

"That'll do. You want something to steady yer nerves when yer get to the bloody field."

"Allie yite. Me go."

"Of course you will."

"Me shootie cussie head lof, so be."

"All right. Here is the carriage," said Chips, going to the window. "Come on."

"Amn't I goin' fo' to see de fun?" asked Spades, anxiously.

"Of course yer be; come along."

"Yes, Spadie see me makie hole in Ah Wing," said Chin Chin, taking him by the arm.

On arriving at the carriage which the other members of the party had provided in the meantime, they found Billy Courtright had borrowed a pair of property pistols at the theater, big brass horse pistols, about a foot long they were, and after loading them with powder, had put in one of them a cartridge that was about two inches long, and filled with liquid red, such as they use to represent blood on the stage, and into the other a charge of powder and a cartridge filled with red pepper.

Thus fixed, they all got into the carriage, and started for the battle ground that had been agreed upon.

Chin Chin was now under the influence of gin, and

well supplied with courage. But the serious-looking wags who were with him, nearly killed the effect of it by their chaffing him about what would probably happen to him.

"What preparations have you made for bringing back the bodies?" asked Harry Kernell, who was one of the raggish conspirators.

"Oh, that's all fived! we have arranged with Martin, the undertaker, to be there with his meat cart," replied Billy Courtright.

"Good enough."

"Oh, there's nothing mean 'bout us," said Chips.

"That's so. When we arrange a duel, we are going to see that our friend is brought home in good style."

"Some mo' ginnie," said Chin Chin, faintly, turning to Chips, who sat beside him.

"No—no; you've had enough."

"Me no, so be. Me flight him."

"Wal, can't yer fight without gin?"

"Ginnie makie go heap easy."

"Oh, give him a drink, Chips," said Kernell. "Let the poor devil die happy."

"All right; here you are, Chin," said he, handing him the bottle. "But I'm betting that Chin Chin gets away with his man."

"Will you bet that he don't get killed?" asked Courtright, seriously.

"Yes, I'll bet drinks for the party that he don't get killed."

"All right; I'll take you. But he must be good at dodging balls, if he don't get laid out."

"Me shootie cussie head lof ebly time," said Chin Chin, bracing up.

"Of course you will. I'm yer friend, ole man."

"Allie time," and he shook hands with Chips, in a very cordial manner.

"But I hear that Ah Wing is a dead shot," said Kernell.

And so they chaffed and teased the poor devil all the way to the field of battle. It had much effect upon him of course, and the proof of it was that he was continually teasing Chips for gin to keep his courage up.

Everything had been nicely arranged both by Chin Chin's party, and Ah Lung for his man. Harry Kernell was to act as surgeon, and had provided himself with bandages, as had Ah Lung, to be used in case of need, or, possibly, anyhow.

On arriving at the appointed place they found Ah Wing and several of his friends there before them. Ah Lung was on hand, and a smile that was more than childlike and bland overspread his Mongolian features.

He said he had been instructed by his man to have the distance only ten paces, that the affair might be settled at the first fire.

This was readily agreed to by the friends of Chin Chin, and they had only come prepared for one exchange of shots. In fact, they made it a point that only one fire should be indulged in between them.

Then the ground was paced off, and while Chips attended to Chin Chin and braced him up with gin, the other went through the process of loading the pistols.

"Me flight him," said Chin Chin, feebly.

"Brace up. What're givin' me? He'll shoot yer all ter pieces if yer don't fight him."

"Me very slick."

"Oh, drop on yerself," said Chips, indignantly.

"Drop on glound, 'haps."

"Nonsense. Brace up. Here, take some more gin. Yei can get away with that duffer easy enough. See how white he is; see him tremble."

"So be?"

"Look an' see."

Chin Chin glanced at his antagonist, who was standing near the stake that marked his bound. In truth Ah Wing didn't look very fightie. On the contrary, he looked as though he would much sooner have had the matter settled by a referee, and this gave Chin Chin a little courage.

"Go hellie!" he called, making up a snoot to his rival for the affections of the widow.

But he made no reply.

Chin Chin was placed at the other bound, and the antagonists faced each other, only ten paces apart, although to judge by the looks of both of them, they wished the distance had been ten miles.

Chips, holding one pistol, stood close to Chin Chin, and Ah Lung stood in the same way by his principal, Ah Wing.

Harry Kernell acted as judge.

"Gentlemen, are you both ready?" he asked.

"Ready for Chin Chin," said Chips.

"Ready for Ah Wing," echoed Ah Lung.

"Gentlemen, as representatives of the Flowery Kingdom, and as citizens of the United States, you are about to satisfy each the wounded honor of the other by the American code. It is my duty to see that each has fair play, and may the best man win."

"Me bes' man," said Chin Chin.

"That's so. Brace up, and aim right at his head," said Chips.

"Shootie stufin allie out cussie headie."

"That's right; only keep cool."

"Seconds, give the weapons to your principals," said Kernell, in a loud voice.

Chips and Ah Lung obeyed.

"Now, gentlemen, you will observe me closely. With your eyes on each others' vitals, when I say 'one,' you will raise your pistols, when I say 'two,' you will take aim, when I say 'three,' you will fire. Do you understand?"

They both nodded.

"Seconds, retire!"

Chips and Ah Lung whispered parting instructions to their men and moved away.

"Attention! one!"

Up went the pistols.

"Two!"

The two men leaned forward, as though trying to poke each others eyes out with the muzzle of their weapons, and each took the best aim he could.

"Three!"

The two pistols exploded so nearly together that but one report could be heard.

But, oh, ye gods! what a sight, and what a noise followed!

The liquid "blood" had struck poor Chin Chin squarely in the face, and the package of red pepper had burst on Ah Wing's breast.

Chin Chin saw what he thought was blood, and down he tumbled upon the ground, yelling and squealing like a stuck pig, while Ah Wing, with his eyes, ears, and nose full of the red pepper, was sneezing so hard that he leaped into the air, and turned a summersault every time.

"Oh—oh! hellie damie! Me kill; me all glone pieces, so be!" yelled Chin Chin.

"Are you hurt, ole man?" asked Chips, going up to him.

"Stuflin allie knockie lout; me dead gone Chinaman, so be," said he, mournfully.

"Here, surgeon; bind up his wounds, an' give him another hoss!" said Chips, beckoning to Harry Kernell.

"Ar-te-chew!" yelled Ah Wing.

"Hellie damie!" put in Chin Chin.

"Ar-te-chew!"

"Bindie lup; stuflin allie run lout!"

"Ar-te-chew!" and Ah Wing executed another involuntary summersault, while Ah Lung tried to stop him and get him into form again.

Harry Kernell rushed to Chin Chin with about ten yards of bandage, and began winding it around his head in a variety of ways, all the while talking to him in a consoling sort of a way, assuring him that he would probably live until they got back to Chicago, and for which he ought to be very thankful.

"Ar-te-chew!" and another summersault, by the dazed and bewildered Ah Wing.

"What's the matter?" asked Ah Lung.

"Send for—ar-te-chew!" together with another sample of ground and lofty tumbling, was his only answer.

In fact, poor Ah Wing was whirling around in the air more than half the time.

"That's all right; get him into the carriage, and drive for home," said Billy Courtright, to Ah Lung.

"No hurt?" he asked, with some anxiety.

"No, only heap sneeze."

"All right. He sneeze dam foolishness all out," replied the faithful second.

With the assistance of two or three of his friends, Ah Lung managed to get him into the carriage, and to start back to the city, leaving poor Chin Chin in the hands of his surgeon. But they heard his sneezing until he was out of sight.

"How do yer feel now, ole man?" asked Chips, returning to where Kernell was bandaging Chin Chin.

"Stuflin allie run lout, so be," said he, faintly.

"Has he got 'em bad, doctor?"

"Oh, not very. He'll most likely live till we get back to the city," said Kernell.

"That's good 'nough. Got anything to say afore yer put in yer chips, Chin Chin?"

"Oh, me heap bad Chinaman," he groaned.

"Red, ah? Well, I thought so. Got anything on yer mind?"

"No, me heap bad."

"Well, well."

"That's all."

"What! Got another ticker? Where'd you find this one? Let's see it."

"Me findie, so be," he groaned, pulling a gold watch from a secret pocket.

"Where?"

"Man heap careless."

"Well, I should say so," said he, taking it.

"Money in clothes," said he, touching his clothes in various places.

"Oh, I'll go through yer when yer stiff, never fear," said Chips, laughing.

Well, they bandaged him up and got him into the carriage. He groaned, and gave away all the bad things he ever did in his life on the way back to the city, while the boys laughed until they were almost too sore to breathe.

Arriving home they put Chin Chin to bed, and then went through his clothes, the result being that they panned out nearly one hundred dollars which he had sewed into them at various times, and he kept groaning and wondering why he did not die.

They made him own up to various bad things, and among others that he didn't care a snap for the widow on whose account the duel had been fought, and yet he felt happy because Ah Wing had been hurt so bad that he had gone into fits for life.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Saturday night, the evening following the duel, and as there was a very large bill in the theater, the part that Chin Chin was to play was scarcely missed, while Chips and Spades did their specialties, and the performance went off all right, while poor Chin Chin lay in bed, expecting every moment would be his last.

Chips, Chin Chin and Spades were on the top wave of success at Chicago, until Chin Chin got into trouble with Ah Wing, and in which "the boys" took a part, and carried the farce to the edge of the grave almost.

At all events, Chin Chin regarded himself as mortally wounded, and was on what he verily believed to be his death-bed.

Chips was not inclined to give up the fun that he had enjoyed at the expense of his friend, and now persisted in regarding him as dead, in which little "circus" he was seconded by Billy Courtright and Harry Kernell, both of whom were playing at the same theater, and both of whom had acted prominent parts in the duel farce.

After the show was over that night, nearly a dozen of the performers gathered around the bed of Chin Chin, and with long faces they talked just as though he was dead, and commented upon the arrangements for his funeral, pretending not to hear him when he spoke, and protested that he was still alive.

"Chippie," he called. "Chippie, me no dead yet," he called to his friend.

"Poor Chin Chin; he has passed in," said Courtright, wiping his eyes.

"Gone where the woodbine twineth," said Harry Kernell, sadly.

"Me no Me thankly doley," said Chin Chin.

"And yet he died game," said Chips.

"Died like a brave."

"And he made his antagonist sick."

"Gave him sneezing fits for life."

"Me ro; me allie same bully boy wid glass eye, betie you," insisted Chin Chin.

"Where are you going to bury him, Chips?" asked Courtright.

"Oh, out on the lake shore," said Chips.

"Why not plant him where he fell?"

"A good idea."

"A poetical idea."

"What sort of an 'overcoat' shall we give him?"

"Oh, something light and airy."

"Yes, he always liked light overcoats."

"Chippie! Me allie same, so be."

"But what are you going to do for a partner, now that he is dead?" asked Kernell.

"Me? Goin' out 'er ther business."

"And all because poor Chin Chin died?"

"Heille damie, cussie fool, ebly time," said Chin Chin, unable to stand it any longer.

But they never let on that they heard him, and kept right on with their chaff.

"Well, I suppose he left money enough to pay for burying him?" suggested Courtright.

"Yes, an' more, too; I'll make a clean hundred out of him," replied Chips, laughing.

"Me betie no!" piped Chin Chin, becoming too furious to contain himself any longer, at the same time leaping from his bed, and dancing around the room. "Me allie hunky doly, so be, ebly time."

"Chin Chin, this is very remarkable conduct for a corpse," said Courtright.

"Go back ter bed; I'll have yer planted pretty soon," said Chips.

"Go back, dead Chinaman."

As for Spades, he was laughing so heartily, as to endanger the top of his head. He had tried his best to keep on a sober face like the rest of them, but he was unable to hold out any longer.

"By gum, dat yer am de liveliest ole corpse dat eber I seen," said he.

"Be quiet, Spades! What sort of a way is this to act at a funeral?" said Kernell, sternly.

Spades instantly shut his head together.

"You shootie slef allie kin, damie fool head lof," said Chin Chin, addressing the Irish joker.

"Be quiet, Chin Chin, and go back to bed. But I guess you'd better hurry up with the planting, Chips," said Courtright. "Hadn't I better go for the undertaker at once, and have the job done?"

"I guess so. Go ahead."

"Heap damie fool, eblybody. Me no dead."

"Why, yes you are. Ah Wing shot you."

"He no. Me allie good jis same."

"I'll tell yer how we'll work it, Billy. Hurry, 'n I'll stay here an amuse him 'til the undertaker comes with his neat box," said Chips.

"All right," and away went Billy in search of an imaginary undertaker.

Hastily putting up a job with an acquaintance whom he met outside, he returned in a few minutes.

In the meantime the other fellows had put him back into the bed again, in spite of his protestations, and were holding him down.

"Ah, here we are," said Billy. "Here is the man that will plant him quick and cheaply."

"You'll have to build a strong coffin for him, boss, for he's a very uneasy stiff," said Kernell.

"Oh, I'll soon fix him," said the man, pulling out a tape measure.

"I suppose you want to get him out of sight as quick as possible?"

"That's so, boss. What's yer quickest and cheapest?"

"Sew him up in a bag, and throw him into the dock," said the man, and the utter and diabolical coolness with which all hands behaved made the poor devil's hair stand on end, and he began to

"All right, put him in a bag."

"Good enough; I'll be back here with a man and a dump cart in a few moments," said the supposed undertaker, leaving the room.

"Damie fool eblybody. Guess eblybody lof he nut, so be," protested Chin Chin.

"Be quiet, will you?"

"Give me some ginnie," he moaned.

"Be quiet. We'll soon have you out of the way."

"See damie fus," said he, and leaping from his bed, he darted out of the room with little or nothing on, and started into the street.

In less than it takes to write it, there were two policeman, five dogs, fifty boys, and the other parts of an excited crowd, chasing poor Chin Chin up the street as hard as he could run.

The jokers laughed heartily, of course, but seeing that they had carried the joke so far that he was really scared out of his wits, they followed to see that he didn't get into a worse mess than he had escaped from.

Chips took a portion of his clothes and Spades the remainder, and away they went.

Chin Chin led them a lively chase for several blocks, but he was finally headed off and the police scooped him into the station house, to which place he was followed by a tremendous crowd.

But the poor devil was wholly unable to give any account of himself whatever, so frightened was he, and after the officers had told their story, it was regarded as a pretty bad drunk, and so he was locked up to sober down.

The jokers arrived soon afterwards and made matters clear by telling the officers all about the hurrah they had played with him, and so, after enjoying a hearty laugh all around, Chin Chin was liberated and given his clothes to get into.

But, oh, what a mad Chinaman he was when he found out about everything.

CHAPTER IX.

It had always been concluded to go to Cincinnati, the porkopolis of the world.

Exactly what they should do in Cincinnati they had no definite idea. The whole thing was left to Chips, and he, happy-go-lucky as usual, had decided on nothing.

Their first move was to find cheap quarters, which they subsequently did on Pearl street, and then they began to look around and become acquainted with the city.

Cincinnati is a great town, and they soon found it out. The principal business is transacted in pork, and more of it is cut up, salted, smoked, cured, shipped, and got away with than there is in all the other cities in the country put together.

They put in the brine and then send it out on the briny, for sailors to fill their teeth with. They cure it, and send it forth for landladies to cure the appetites of the boarders with, and so it goes, pork—pork everywhere, and everywhere within a hundred miles of the city, old sows frighten their unruly pigs into good behavior by saying "Cincinnati" to them.

Chin Chin had taken but little notice of anybody or anything but his gruel since leaving Chicago.

He had got so mad with Chips and Spades that he wanted to club himself because he couldn't kill them both and be revenged.

"How'd yer like this town, ole man?" asked Chips, after they had been there a day or two.

"Much piggie," was his reply.

"An' some pork."

"So be."

"Also hams."

"Heap."

"An' some pork," said Chips, quizzingly.

Chin Chin regarded him sorrowfully.

"What's der matter wid yer, Chin?"

"More damie fool allie time, so be," said he, turning away. He still remembered his Chicago experience.

"What's der matter?"

"Me no foolie only mo'. Heap play out."

"Won't have any more, hey?"

"Me no."

"Don't want any more fun?"

"Somebody else. Me got belly flul."

"Oh, that's it, hey?"

"So be, ebly time."

"All right; we'll have some fun with some other duffer the next time."

"Go fo' Spades," said he, earnestly.

"Perhaps so. But what'er we goin' ter do? There aren't no openin' for us here."

"Hookie yidie."

"Where'll we go to?"

"Hellie, 'haps."

"There'd be no show for you there without a pigtail. I guess we'll make a break for Pittsburg. I've heard a lot 'bout that town, an' maybe we'll get a show there."

"So be. But no mo' damie foolie me?"

"No."

"Give me tickie," said he, holding out his hand quickly, and brightening up.

"Not much. That ticker goes up the spout."

"Spoutie?"

"Yer bet. That belongs ter the company, an' I'm treasurer, understand? But don't yer let me know of yer finding another, or you'll quit."

"Shakie?"

"I'll give yer the dead shake. Der yer s'pose I'm goin' ter be travelin' wid a knuck? Not much. Will yer drop on yerself?"

"'Haps."

"I want no 'haps 'bout it. I won't have it, an' if I find yer with another chap's property on yer clothes, I'll give yer dead away, an' help the cops scoop yer in. Yer hear?"

"Me do. Me heap good Chinaman, so be."

"All right. See't yer don't forget it."

This was rather unexpected to Chin Chin, for as Chips had made use of several tickers which he had "found," he somehow believed that he did not object to his "finding" things. But Chips was no thief, and didn't intend to travel with one.

The chap who kept the little hotel where they were was a little ex-*franc* Frenchman by the name of Metz, and what to make of Chips, Spades and Chin Chin he could not make out.

"By Gar," said he, to his fat wife, "ze have no luggage only vat is on der pack; von is von nation, an' by Gar, so is all three of 'em, only not alike, by Gar. Vat you dink, my tear?"

"Make 'em pay in advance," said his wife.

"But, my tear, how can I? Vile I have been thinking of der matter, by Gar, they is in advance of me."

"*Mon Dieu!* We go to poorhouse."

"A poor house zan dis we cannot go to, my tear."

"Make 'em pay this night."

"I will try," said she, frowning.

All three of them came in for their suppers in five minutes afterwards, and Metz tackled Chips.

"Want dat, hey?" said Chips. "How much?"

"Five dollar."

"Here you are, an' if I want's after dat in' hours, I'd give you a piece of my mind," said he, handing him the money with a snap.

"Var well, gentlemen," and he was so profuse with his thanks that it almost made them sick.

But Chips didn't like it and resolved to get hunk.

Their room was up stairs, directly over the general sitting-room, while Metz and his wife occupied a small room leading from it.

The boys went out in the evening and did not return until about eleven o'clock, and as the night was cold and damp, they sat down by the stove to warm and dry themselves. Metz was sitting there reading the life of Napoleon, and his wife had retired.

Chips was not long in finding how the land laid, and so prepared himself accordingly, having in this short time made himself familiar with Mrs. Metz' tone of voice.

"*Victor, come to bed!*" said Chips, imitating the voice of the landlady in the bedroom adjoining.

"Go to sleep," said Metz, without looking up.

"*Come to bed, Victor,*" sounded again.

"I will not. Go to snoring," said he, angrily.

"*I'll pull your hair if you don't come.*"

"Vill you go to sleep, madame?"

"*Come to bed, I say!*"

"*Sacraerapoowabachievaz!*" or a word to that effect escaped from Metz, as he leaped to his feet and strode into the bedroom where his wife lay snoring. "Vill you shut up, madame," said he, but finding that she made no reply, he glared at her a moment, and then returned to his room.

"Heap big debel like ass jack rabbit," whispered Chin Chin to Spades, for he had by this time learned that their little captain was a first-rate ventriloquist, although how or why it was so he had no idea, and still clung to his old belief that Chips had a devil in him as large as a jack-rabbit.

"*Come to bed, Victor,*" was heard again.

At first Metz appeared to take no notice of it, but a close observer might have seen that he was getting madder and madder every moment.

Chips was pretending to read a paper, Spades had his eyes closed as though asleep, and Chin Chin looked as harmless as a cheap picture of innocence.

"*Come to bed, I say!*"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Metz, and the string of bad English mixed up with fragmentary French which he spit out would have made a necklace for the devil.

Going into the bedroom once more, he shook her violently, and demanded what she wanted, to which she replied in sleepy tones that she wanted to be left alone.

"By Gar, I make myself sick of you, if you say me once more come to ped; I come ven I please, madame," and he strode out again with great pomposity.

But he had scarcely got interested in his book again before he heard the same call. Then he got up and stamped his foot on the floor, swearing that he would make a widower of himself in less than three minutes, and then he rushed into the bedroom again.

"Madame, you are a jackass!" he cried, shaking her by the shoulder.

"What is the matter with you, Victor?" she asked, in surprise, at the same time sitting up in bed.

"I say to you, madame, dot I vill not come to bed until I get ready."

"Well, who cares a snap whether you do or not? As for me, I don't care if you never come."

"Then vy you all time call me?"

"I have not called you. Go away, you are drunk," she, throwing a pillow at him.

"Madame, you is von lying jackass."

"And you are a drunken fool. Go away."

"You did call me, as I can prove by the people out here in the sitting-room."

"You lie."

"And you are von crazy."

"Get out of here or I'll beat you."

"I will not. You shall not insult and harass me in my own house."

"You are drunk. Go away."

"I will not."

"Then I'll make you," and to make good her words, she leaped out of bed and went for her husband.

And he—evidently having been there before—started to get out of harm's way, but she was too quick for him and had him down on the floor of the sitting-room in two shakes of a pudding-stick.

Seizing him by the hair, she banged his head on the floor, not hurting the floor very much, but making the indignant Frenchman see stars enough to start an astronomical observatory with.

Of course our friends were on their feet instantly.

Chin Chin was delighted, and while dancing with his heavy wooden shoes upon the floor, he encouraged both parties to do their level best.

"Knockie stuffin' out. Hittie in snoot seben-five times. Makie tlake water with no ginnie in he."

"Go it, ole gal!" cried Chips.

"Hit her in de wind!" put in Spades.

Meantime there was one of the liveliest rough and tumble fights going on between the little Frenchman and his big wife that was ever seen. Tables, chairs, and other furniture was overturned, but the superior weight of his wife triumphed, and at length she got him down and sat on him.

That settled the fight and settled him.

"Now you go to bed in the kitchen," said she, pointing him the way, "and as for you chaps, you perambulate to bed on the double quick."

"Heah we go, honey," said Spades, starting off.

"Don't you go; she's a fool!" the husband seemed to say, as he nursed a bleeding nose.

Then she went for him again, but he got into that kitchen so suddenly that you would have thought he grew there.

The other fellows got up stairs to bed without once stopping to congratulate the lady or to say good-night to her, while she, feeling herself boss of everything, turned off the gas and once more went to bed.

Chips laughed himself to sleep over the affair, concluding that he had got even with the Frenchman.

And it is supposed that he got enough and more too, for he did not put in an appearance the next morning, and when they saw him later in the day he had one elegant black eye and several yards of court plaster mapped over his face, making him look more like a zebra than a white man. But no one appeared anxious to ask him whether he had been run through a threshing machine or not, although Chips felt awful bad because he could not, or dare not quiz him regarding his health.

But Metz and his wife had an understanding during the fight, and they calmly put their heads together to solve the mystery attending their little scrimmage, and, without being exactly sure of it, they concluded that Chips had something to do with it.

"By Gar, I fix him," said Metz, "an' if it be not him, it vill do him no harm."

So the next day not only Chips, but Chin Chin and Spades, got a big dose of castor oil in their hash, attended with the usual consequences.

Chips, however, got the worst, and as he was too keen not to see that the old Frenchman was at the bottom of it, he said nothing, but resolved not to owe him anything.

He quietly procured a directory, and was busy for some time hunting up names and addresses, after which he spent the remainder of the day in carrying out the plan he had resolved on.

That evening a corn doctor called on Mr. Metz.

"I have celebrated Dr. Spew," said he, "and I have

"What! I have no corns," said Metz, wonderingly.

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I never did; I know you not, by Gar."

"Well, sir, you are a humbug," said the corn eradicator, whirling away.

"By Gar, you vos von bughum, too," yelled Metz.

But he had scarcely resumed business again when another toe-twister arrived and made his object known.

"You sent for the right man this time," said he, "for it is well known that I can cure corns on anything, from an elephant to a grasshopper."

"Val, vy you no go an' cure 'em? I have none."

"The devil you haven't! Didn't you send for me?"

"By Gar, I send for nobody; I have no corns. I have no patience. Go from me quick!" screamed Metz.

"You're a bloody old idiot. Bah!" and way went corn doctor No. 2.

Chips, Chin Chin and Spades were quietly taking everything in, and he was about explaining how it was that these fellows went around, pretending that they had been sent for, when a third one presented himself.

"My name is Plugger. You sent for me, and I have come to cut your corns according to Hoyle," said he.

"Tam you, an' tam Mister Hoyle! Go from my place!" screamed Metz, rushing towards him.

"Don't you dare to strike me, sir! You sent for me."

"You lie! I send for you not."

"You're a fraud," yelled the doctor.

"So be von, by Gar!" screamed Metz.

Just then another corn doctor showed up.

"Is your name Metz?" he asked.

"It is, an' vat of it?" he asked, savagely.

"Well, my name is Twist, the monarch, the Czar of corn doctors. You sent for—"

"Go to the devil, you and your corns."

"But you sent for me."

"He sent for me, too," put in the other.

"It is a lie!" yelled Metz.

"Let's go for him."

"Yes, and pare his corns in spite of him."

"Oh, my Gar, madame!" he called.

Just then another doctor came in.

"Where is Mr. Metz. I came to cut his corns," said he, advancing boldly into the group.

"Go to ze debil—go to ze debil, all of you!" he yelled, dancing around.

"Let's go for him and get our fee."

"Yes; throw him on his back."

All three of them went for poor Metz, and although he fought lively and called loudly for help, they had him down on his back in a quarter part of no time, and were going for his corns, when his wife rushed upon the scene, and took a hand in the scrimmage without waiting for an introduction.

Then followed a wild rough and tumble which threw the one of the night before entirely into the shade, and Chin Chin somehow got mixed up in it, and shouted "hellie damie," in several languages.

But the corn doctors were finally driven away, and yet, unfortunately for Chips, another came in while they were talking of the outrage they had vanquished.

"Ah, good evening; Mr. Metz, I presume. Ah, by the way, this young man," said he pointing to Chips, "called at my office to-day, and said you had a very bad corn that you wanted extracted, and I—"

"Oh, my Gar!" yelled Metz.

"*Mon Dieu!*" chimed his wife, and recognizing the cause of all their trouble, she rushed into the party, and ran them headlong into the street.

another place, and this they proceeded to do without loss of time, for it was now nearly eleven o'clock at night.

"Heap damie foolie, ofle nut, so be," said Chin Chin, as soon as they had stopped their running, for he knew nothing about the affair only what he had seen on the surface.

"By golly! hope he get them corns cured," said Spades, who had also been knocked about somewhat.

Chips pacified them, and at the same time let them into the secret by telling them about the castor oil, and how he had called on and engaged the corn doctors to visit him.

"Oh, hellie damie! Me think him cholera," said Chin Chin, who remembered the hurry very well.

"An' I funk it war dat hash," said Spades.

"An' I funk it war that castor oil," said Chips, "an' I went for ter get hunk, don't yer see?"

"By golly, Chips, you are a brick."

"Deble in he big, likie assjack rablet," said Chin Chin, admiringly.

This time the joke had been played on somebody else, and Chin Chin enjoyed it better than he did when he was the victim.

Well, they found lodgings for that night, and then finding that there was no opening for them at any variety theater, they concluded to follow out their original intention of pushing through to Pittsburg.

Fortunately they had money enough to travel second-class to the Smoky City, but it was a long ride, and they felt the journey very much.

And therefore it is but natural that they should look around in quest of something in the shape of fun or adventure wherewith to relieve the tediousness of such a long and comfortless ride.

Chin Chin, however, was happy and oblivious to all that was going on around him, for he had provided himself with a flask of gin before starting, and so he didn't care a snap whether the train went to Pittsburg or the lower regions.

Spades had also imbibed enough from that same bottle to feel at peace with all the world, and preferred sleeping to anything else, and Chips concluded to have some fun at his expense, just for once.

So he went to work and made a little paper wind-mill, which he managed to fasten to Spades' nose while he lay with his head back on the seat, and at every breath, impelled by a hard snore, the little wind-mill was driven round like a top.

This produced no quantity of fun for the passengers, and they got on and passed the sleeping dorky in a laughing group.

After they had enjoyed this for some time, Chips varied the entertainment by tickling him with a straw while standing behind, and the comical expressions on that black mug equalled anything that can be produced with one of those little india rubber heads which boys sometimes have to make fun with.

Then he would strike out in his sleep, and claw around for imaginary mosquitoes, and those sitting around would have to hold their hands over their mouths to keep from yelling right out, so tickled were they.

"Snooze it!" he muttered, without opening his eyes or fully waking up. "Goshdarn skeeters. Better keep 'way or I mean 'em."

Finally he opened his eyes a little, and the first thing he saw was the little paper wind-mill, and still thinking of the mosquitoes which he imagined had been worrying him in his sleep, he at once concluded that this was one of them.

"Go 'way dar, shoo!" said he, striking and knocking it down between the seats. "Sho! By golly, what big skeeter dat war," and then leaping to his feet, he began stamping around for the purpose of killing it, but those

The roar of laughter that greeted this performance brought him to his full senses, and he at once suspected that he had been the victim of somebody's trick.

"Who yer laughin' at?" he asked, indignantly, rolling his big white eyes from one to another of those who stood around. "Better not fool wid me much, I can tell yer, fo' I'se a bad man, an' I don't 'low nobody nonsense 'round me," and seeing nobody inclined to test whether he was a bad man or not, he finally resumed his seat.

"What's der row, Spades?" asked Chips, coming up as innocent as a lamb.

"Some ob dese yer Philistines woke up do wrong passenger, dat's all," said he.

"Wanted ter have some fun wid yer, eh?"

"Guess dey better not try it some mo'."

"Well, brace up; we are almost there."

"Whar?"

"Pittsburg."

"Where's Chin Chin?"

"In Heaven."

"What!"

"Drunk and asleep. That's as near Heaven as a Chinaman wants to get," and walking over to where he lay he snapped a spring clothes-pin upon Chin Chin's nose, and shut off his snore.

This partially aroused him, and he began to strike out, and swing his arms and legs around in search of the obstruction, but evidently not knowing its exact locality.

"Hellie damie, allie same, fightie eblybody," he cried, before he fairly woke up.

A loud laugh greeted his waking, and with the pin still sticking upon his bugle, he looked around to see where he was and what the matter could be.

Then he pulled off the pin, and looked at it a moment in evident perplexity, which aroused another big yell, and then a partial smile stole over his face as he thrust it into his pocket.

"Washie-washie, pretty good for me, guess," saying which he sat down again, evidently feeling that the clothes-pin amply paid him for all the pain it had occasioned him.

"What's der matter, Chin Chin?" asked Chips.

"Oh, me see. Allie flul debil like egg," complaining at a glance the author of the joke.

"Are yer tired?"

"Me no. Me hungry like saw-horse, so be."

"Well, we'll be in Pittsburg in a little while. How much dust yer got?"

"Me no," said he, sadly.

"What?"

"Dead blustie, bloke all pieces, so be."

"Git out! There's gobs of money in yer clothes."

"Hoply die allie time; bustie all bloke; cleanie allie lout, so be, Chippy."

"I won't have it!"

"Big joss swear."

"Confound yer big joss! I wouldn't believe yer if yer swore on a joss as big as a mountain. Go inter yerself, an' come out. Go it, an' see what yer'll pan out."

"Me no—me no!" he persisted.

"Arn't I yer boss?"

"So be."

"An' ther treasurer?"

"Ebly time."

"Well, how the-blazes be I goin' ter treasure when I'm busted?"

"Hookie," was his next suggestion.

"No sirree. Yer've got money tucked away in your clothes, an' down yer must come with it, or I'll give yer ter the police when we get ter Pittsburg."

"Oh, hell! I'm no. Bloke allie dead."

"All right. We'll let ther cops go throughk yer, an' see what they'll find," said he, meaning to said a stop.

"Chippie," he called neutrally.

"What?"

"Me no tickie."

"Well, maybe yer haven't got another ticker, but yer've got money."

Chin Chin stood looking at him very irresolutely, but finally he dove into some mysterious portion of his dress, and came out with a dollar bill.

"Ebly cussie cent, so be," said he, handing it to Chips, with an angry gesture.

"Go in again, old man!" said Chips, taking it.

"Hellie, damie!" he growled, and going in once more, he returned with another dollar.

Pulling teeth would have been easier, but Chips stuck right to him until he worried nearly twenty dollars out of him, and once more the treasury was respectably full.

Chin Chin made it smell like a burning brimstone match all the remainder of the journey, by his cursing and swearing over his being obliged to part with his money.

He even relieved his feelings by banging his head against the side of the car, and wishing that he could get hold of some weak little fellow, that he might kick the "stuffin" out of him, feeling that this would make him hunk with misfortune.

On their arrival at Pittsburg, they went to a cheap hotel and took board; although what they were to do when their little stock of money was gone, they hadn't the slightest idea, any more than they had had dozens of times before.

But at this time the business was very dull in Pittsburg. The furnaces and foundries were nearly all idle, and as the coal and iron business is the principal one there, a large number of people were out of employment, and consequently luxuries, and places of amusement, but poorly patronized.

They went one night to see a variety show at Trimble's Varieties, knowing and having played with several of the actors at Chicago and elsewhere.

But they didn't seem to draw very good houses, and business looked blue. However, Chips made up his mind to try, and the next day visited the manager to ask for an opening.

It was a hard rub, but as the manager knew them by reputation, he finally offered to pay them thirty dollars a week, and give them a chance.

It wasn't much of a salary, but it was thirty dollars better than nothing.

The city was immediately billed, and as much curiosity awakened as possible to learn who Chips, Chin Chin and Spades were; consequently the house was well filled, and the manager looked better; for his financial belly-ache had all gone.

Their specialties went off first-rate as usual, and especially Chin Chin's song and dance, as they had never seen such a strange medley slammed down upon the stage before.

They drew well for a week, which was about as long as anything could draw in those times, at the end of which they were idle again.

But there was quite a large amount of talent lying idle in Pittsburg, and so a combination was soon organized to travel over the country, but as the majority of the company was anxious to reach either Philadelphia or New York, it was thought best to travel over a route leading in that direction.

The name of the affair was not a performer himself, but he possessed a name that was worth more in the show business than any amount of talent would have been, it being Barnum.

The show was started as "Barnum's Great Head, Middle, and Double End Combination," and in about a week the business was attended to, the company waiting for the first of the season.

road, and at several little towns drew big houses, and everything seemed lovely.

At Harper's Ferry there was some hard feeling manifested because the majority of the people seemed to expect a circus and a menagerie, instead of a third rate variety show, and it looked at one time as though they would tear the house down, and that "Barnum's Great Head, Middle, and Double End Combination" would come to grief.

But finally a compromise was effected by which the entire performance should be gone over with again, and as nothing short of that would give them anything like satisfaction, the company braced up to it, and the indignant audience waited until one o'clock without giving a particle of applause, just to get hunk.

But the combination was glad enough to get off as easily as that. From here they went north, and after astonishing a few small towns and villages, the manager had the cheek to go to Harrisburg, and to advertise it there as "the greatest show on earth."

Of course the bills did not deceive so many people there as they did in the smaller towns, but it so happened that Barnum's Great Show was to be there the next week, and so a large number of those who went to see this one, did so under the impression that the great Barnum had arrived.

A row was kicked up before the show was half finished, and after indulging their lungs for some time they began to call especially for Barnum, with a view of treating him to something real nice.

But Barnum had skipped out with the cash.

Cut stick, so to put it.

And left his "combination" in the hands of an indignant public.

They swarmed upon the stage and went for both ends of that show.

And they made it lively for the members thereof, individually and collectively, male and female.

Chips and Chin Chin, together with Spades, were on the point of going on the stage to do their act when the indignant mob pounced upon them.

Two of them caught Chin Chin, and bringing him out before the footlights, stood him on his head and introduced him as Mr. Barnum, at which the people howled, and then the two men threw the frightened Chinaman head first in a bass drum which had been deserted by its player, who had skedaddled when the riot first commenced, as had the rest of the orchestra.

Another big fellow made for Chips, who ran to get out of the way, of course, and just as the fellow stepped upon a trap in the floor of the stage, some one sprung it, and that rioting bully suddenly disappeared from view, and went yelling and tumbling down among the machinery under the stage, while Chips leaped into an empty horse head which stood near the back of the enclosure and curled down out of sight.

Nearly every member of the "combination" was handled more or less roughly, and received some token of good will at the hands of the mob.

But it was all over in three minutes, and the audience had left the building, fearing bloodshed or fire.

Poor Chin Chin was in for it even worse than any of the others, for he had been thrown into the drum so far that it was stuck to him, and he could not get out to save his life.

But he could kick and swear, and yell all sorts of bloody murder, while thrashing about among the machinery, chairs and music racks, trying to free himself, although his cries for help appeared from the sound to come from under the stage.

Chips was the first to discover and go to his rescue.

"What's yer name, and yer, oh man?" he asked.

"Oh hellie damie! Alas, such a name, you see in blue," said he, with his head stuck in the drum.

"No, yer name's not in blue, it's a bloody red one."

"It's a drum," said Chips, laughing in spite of himself at the ludicrous situation.

"Gimme that, klick!"

"Wait a moment. I'll fix it," said Chips, taking a knife from his pocket, and cutting away the sheepskin which held him tightly.

"Heap hellie!"

"There yer are, ole man. Hurt?"

"Aller broke pieces. Head much in—"

"Oh, but that's the head of the drum," said Chips, pointing to it.

"Arm also broke; stem on head, heavier than I set into drum. Heap hellie on half shell," said he, trying to get himself together.

"Any bones broken?"

"All broke pieces. Where be?" he asked, looking around to see if the fun was over.

"Scaped out."

"Heap hellie, hey? No good show town, hey?"

"Not good they can't used to fast-class shows here."

"Don't know how hard, all the same damn fool."

"I guess they didn't like the show very much. I say, Spades, where be yer?" he called.

But Spades had slipped with his banjo, and had made good his escape out of the back door.

In the meantime there was the most intense excitement among the members of that badly housed combination. The police had succeeded in clearing the house, and restoring something resembling peace.

But the all-absorbing question was, where was Barnum, and had the mob got away with the money he had taken at the door?

Not exactly, but Barnum had, though, and he had cleared out of Harrisburg with it.

The performers could hardly believe that he had left them in the lurch. They thought he had only got out of the way to avoid the mob, and that he would probably turn up the next day.

And so they waited. But he persistently refused to turn up at all, and the consequence was that they were turned out of doors, and the little wardrobe and the few things they possessed were seized for board.

Chips felt bad for them. He had nothing himself which they could seize, unless they stripped his person, and so he could afford to be sorry.

But after leaving Harrisburg a few days he resolved to try his luck at an evening. He had a few dollars saved up, and getting some bills passed, he went to the little town of Oshkosh and spent his share, calling it "The Chips and Chin Chin team." One day or so of the company managed to reach the place on foot in time to take part in the performance.

At first it seemed as if there was a good house, and after paying expenses he had about fifty dollars left, which enabled him to reach the town of York, and here good luck attended him for three nights.

But then things were remarkably depressed, for he thought he had reached New York, and it took Spades nearly half a day to explain it to him.

In the way he worked along with varying success until they reached Baltimore, at which time he had about one hundred dollars having taken the usual combination along and some as many as he could of them, and now he felt that that would be all for the time.

But they managed to keep on and work them to Philadelphia in the same way, at which place they could all find either friends or employment, and so the young couple got married, getting a marriage when he had made about a hundred dollars.

There are several small towns around Baltimore, and to one of these Chips took his company, almost wishing that it would just go away, he would get rid of the bother.

He had, however, been followed by a crowd of men, although he managed to escape, and had some more, and of the end of

two weeks he landed with the whole company, and had a hundred dollars after paying all expenses.

And a more delightful gang, male and female, than that was, would be hard to find. They had been out on the road three months, and had luck had followed them from the start. Here they found friends, and in a few instances good employment at Fox's American Theater and other places of amusement.

But they could not forget the plucky little fellow who had succeeded in working things so successfully in their behalf, and almost the first thing they did after reaching the city, was to get up a little reception at the house of a wealthy patron of amusements, where Chips could meet and become acquainted with eastern members of the profession.

And what a journey they had now as good as completed! From San Francisco to Philadelphia, on a rough-and-tumble passage. And nearly a year had elapsed since they set out, and here they were, safe and sound, well posted in the ways of the world, and chuck full of experience.

"Well, how do like it, Chin Chin?" asked Chips, after they had been there a day or two.

"Heap big; belly good," was the reply.

"And what do you think of it, Spades?"

"Wal, Chips, I learn tell 'bout dis yer city right smart lots of times, an' in my opinion it am de best."

"It's the fast chop off ther sirloin, fellows, an' don't yer make any mistake. But we must brace up an' take in that reception the gang's goin' ter give us ter night."

"Dai's so. S'pose dey'll luf me go?"

"Will they? Ain't you one of the gang? Yer bet they'll let yer in, or they won't me," said Chips.

"Me no go."

"Why not?"

"Got no pigtail."

"Bah! They don't wear pigtails here. Go and get a shave, and dress up like a white man."

Well, the reception took place, and was a very nice affair, at which Chips was introduced, and after giving them some specimens of ventriloquism, he told his own Chin Chin's history, since leaving California, and a decidedly interesting one it was, as the reader knows.

Then followed a first-class feed, at which Chin Chin made himself perfectly at home, and managed to hold prob enough unobserved to last him a week.

But what astonished Chips the most, was to see him make his appearance at the place, dressed much better than he expected to see him, and wearing a watch and chain quite conspicuously.

He said nothing until they returned to the hotel where they were stopping, and then he went for him, though by this time it was not in sight.

"Look here, cul, where'd you get that ticker?"

"Me tickle."

"Where?"

"Harrisburg."

"The devil you did! Now I'm goin' to give yer some bad. Don't I say I'd give yer to ther eye if yer want another ticker?"

"Me not backin' from man who flow me into dimes, an' he, backin' Linum."

"Is that so?"

"Eay time, I'm backin' Linum. Me prob tickle when he give me. Me backin' deay. He have him."

"Well, Chin, if that's so, I guess you can keep it—that is, till we get hard up again."

"Me no, keep tickle to 'member Harrisburg."

"All right. Now let's see what you've scraped in to night."

"Me no; only fifty dollars."

"Let's see what you've got, backin' prob. Show up Linum, yer."

Remembering he was a member of the profession, and that these fellows were a good deal of money, and he was

half a bushel basket, and yet to look at him when he left the house where the reception was, you would never have suspected that he had anything in his pockets of any account.

Chin Chin might have made his fortune loading for long voyages, so closely could he pack things.

After he had taken out the stolen grub, Chips thrust his hands into his pockets, and pulled out four silver spoons, the property of the lady who had that evening entertained them so gracefully.

"Where'd these come from?" he demanded

"Slombody play joke on me, guess," said he, meekly and child-like.

"A joke!"

"So be. Plut spoons in plocket for joke."

"And I guess I'll give yer 'way for a joke."

"Me no; honest Lingun."

"Honest devil! Now I tell you what you have got to do. You've got to carry them spoons back again in the morning, and Spades, you go along with him."

"Me do, so be. Me good Chinaman, eby time."

"Well, you'd best be, or I'll shake yer," replied Chips, indignantly.

The next day Spades accompanied him back to the house from which he had taken the spoons, and calling for the lady, he handed them over to her.

"Somebody play jokie on me 'cause I John Chinaman," said he, in a tone of one who felt hurt. "But me good Chinaman eby time, so be."

And the lady said she believed he was, and actually thanked him for the return of her property.

It was a terrible thing for him to be anywhere near honest, but you would never think so to look at him, and on his way back on this occasion he actually smiled as though he had done something to be proud of.

But now they were at Liberty once more, and the big city of Philadelphia was before them.

CHAPTER XI.

Chin Chin had about a hundred dollars with him that he had saved in the business, and as they were staying at a modest hotel where the charges were low, the present was not a heavy one.

They were all happy with the exception of Chin Chin, and he refused to consider his belly full of travel and adventure until he had reached New York, the point for which he had originally set out when leaving San Francisco.

He attracted considerable attention wherever he went, for his big plug hat was the only glossy thing, and the most noticeable one, about him. In all other respects he was a regular Chinese, with the exception of his pigtail, of course, for that he might never have again.

Both Chips and Spades were dressed quite smartly, but wherever they went some boy or other would have something to say about that hat of Chin Chin's.

"Shoot it!"

"Stag the dicer!"

"Balance it on yer pigtail!"

"Where'd yer find it?"

"See the hat waltzing off with a Chinaman."

"Chinaman with Melican plug," and a dozen other expressions greeted him wherever he went.

"Why don't you take a tumble an' shoot that blasted hat, anyway," said Chips.

"How come when tumble?" he asked, with his usual look of innocence.

"Fire it out of a ninth-story window, an' let a team run over it."

"Luff him float down de Schylkill," said Spades.

"Me no. Heap good hattie, allie same like big man. Me get dimond in shirt, an' then me go home happy gal, so be," said Chin.

"Better get a shirt before you get a diamond, an' as for mashin', you better remember yer little circus at Chicago with the widder."

"Me no Chineese girl, me Melican."

"A healthy old American girl you'd mash."

"Me bully good lookie; pigtail all shootie and wear plug hattie, smoke ciglar, chew blacker, get drunk an' raise hellie, all same like one bloys, so be."

"Oh, yes, yer a tough every time; but I advise yer ter shoot the hat before somebody else shoots it."

"Me knock stuffin lout somebody shootie hattie. Him belly good hattie; makie look like one bloys," and so they could not induce him to exchange it for anything that was not so conspicuous.

But he was walking through Walnut street one day, near the theater, when a gang of fellows set up a cry of "Shoot the dicer!" "Take a run in the city!" "Punch the pepperbox!" etc., but having heard so many compliments of that sort for his hat, he kept right along and tried to believe that it was all because they envied him his shining tile.

He was alone, and before he knew it a potato thrown by some one struck the hat and knocked it flying into the crowd.

Well, how long was that hat in losing its shape and shine?

About five seconds.

They raised it as though it had been a football, and it wasn't until all had taken a kick at it that poor Chin Chin recovered it and started on a run for less troublesome quarters, all the while using one word enough to exhaust the English and Chinese languages.

"Me kill for, allie same like bed blugs, so will," said he, stopping at a safe distance and attempting to get his hat into something of shape again.

But it was a hopeless undertaking. The hat had been shot, but oh! how it had been hurt by the sudden fall.

After something he cut the hat he could, he put it on and started for the hotel where they were stopping, but the hat now attracted more attention than before, and called out more laughing expressions.

Chips and Spades nearly laughed themselves into fits when he made his appearance under the shattered plug, and this made him still madder.

"Didn't I tell yer ter shoot it or somebody else would?" said Chips.

"No shootie; klick stuffin lout," said Chin Chin, manifesting his wrath.

"Well, it's all the same. But now you'll have ter get a new one."

"Me no; see damie fus'. Melican man heap smart. Makie flun of Chinaman when hurtie belly good, an' allie same makie flun when hattie damie bad—allie klick debel, Melican damie fool, so be. No goodie flor shucks," said he, savagely.

"Well, go ter a blacksmith an' get it fixed. 'Block, yer hat while yer wait for fifty cents,' them sort of signs what yer see up on Market street."

"Me no wait flor fifty cent; me flix," and he at once proceeded to do so.

The first thing he did was to buy a bottle of maulage, with which he gave the hat a good coat, and then he borrowed a hot iron from the laundry and proceeded to press it.

As a job of hat-blocking, it wasn't the greatest success in the world. It stiffened up a trifle; but such another looking dice-box as it was when he got through with it, was never seen before.

His principal object was attained, however, that being to get some stiffening into it, but when he had considered one comment before, it awakened dreams of them now, for it looked more like a joint of meat, badly-battered and

pipe now, than it did like anything that had ever had gloss or shape.

But wear it he would, and nothing would induce him to part with it.

He wore it now for spite, but at the same time he made up his mind to get good and even with the next man who attempted to kick his hat, and in order to accomplish this he bought a quarter of a pound of nitro glycerine and secured it in the crown.

The next day he took particular pains to walk through

fellows were knocked sprawling about in various direction and about a hundred dollars' worth of glass was broken in the immediate neighborhood.

Chin Chin turned quick enough to see the explosion, and then stopping long enough to execute a little waltz by the corner of the theater, he legged it out of sight, delighted almost to bursting.

"Whatie guess now 'bout Chinaman damie foolie? Guess Chinaman allie hunklie doly now. Klick no more Chinaman hat, bettie you ebly time. Me heap good 'nough flor high now," he muttered, as he ran along.



"Hold on, poor, benighted heathen! Hold on!" yelled the Rev. Snapper, trying to seize him. "This is no place for dancing."

the same street again, and in the same locality where he had been grossly insulted before.

His eyes glistened as he saw the same gang standing in front of a saloon, and putting on all the airs he knew how to carry, he swelled along toward them.

"Ho—ho! fellers, here comes John Chinaman again with his mended dicer!" shouted one, and instantly a shout went up as they beheld their victim.

"Hello, John, who mended your hat?" said the leading bully, going up to and stopping him.

"Me mend," said he, quietly.

"Good job," said the rowdy, laughing, and the others crowded around him.

"Bad job klickie, betie you ebly time."

"Yes, it would be a cussed shame to kick a hat like that," said one of them.

"That's so," added another, knocking it high into the air, at which Chin Chin turned and ran as hard as he could around the corner into Tenth street.

The hat did not reach the ground before somebody gave it a kick and raised it again, and so it was passed around and kept in the air for half a minute or so, when it fell on the ground, and the leading bully, to make a flash of it, jumped upon it with all his might.

In an instant there was a terrific explosion, and the rowdy went kiting end over end up into the air, while his

But how about those hat kickers?

A crowd gathered quickly, and there was the greatest excitement all around the locality.

They were all pretty badly bruised and shaken up, and the fellow who had jumped upon the crown and exploded the glycerine, had his good clothes nearly torn off of him and one of his arms broken, by stopping so suddenly when he came down.

They all knew that some trick had been played upon them, and that they were the ones to blame. So after they had recovered from their fright, they made up their minds to pay the bills, bear their mishaps, and say nothing about the matter one way or the other.

But the most tempting cady, or the worst-looking one, or a hat of any kind, however much it may need "shooting," is perfectly safe in that locality now, and will always be, most likely, more especially if worn by a Chinaman.

Chin Chin bought another hat, as much like the other as possible, and then met Chips and Spades, to tell them all about his exploit.

"Knockie flive, slix hundred allie plices, so be."

"Nonsense!" said Chips.

"Hones Lingun, so be. Smash one or eight bones all plices; knockie wind an' stuffa lout evelibody, so be."

"Chin Chin, yer the boss liar."

"Me no. Go slee."

"Nonsense! We're going ter take yer to a Quaker revival meetin'—the noisy Quakers—an' get some good knocked inter you, if they've got any to spare, for yer need it bad."

"Me allie yite."

"Not much. Yer must go an' let 'em work on you; yer gittin' too wicked for this part of the country."

"Me go if 'll no kickie hat."

"Oh, that's all right."

his mind to produce some powerful effect from this terrible example before he finished.

He had a whining, sing-song sort of a voice, and had a great way of rolling his eyes up at the ceiling as he spoke each word, which to a person who was not piously or religiously inclined, seemed exceedingly funny.

They had very fair singing, and several of the brothers and sisters did some very creditable exhorting, although it was quite evident that the soil they were sowing their seed upon was rather quisby.

Chips had been to these sensational meetings quite often



In spite of the loss of his pig-tail, and his generally altered appearance, she knew him, and at once went for him.

The truth was that some of their friends had engaged to take them to a "noisy Quaker meeting" that night, and Chips concluded to take Chin Chin along.

The meeting was to be held in a little hall near the foot of Market street, and was quite a resort for the boys in the neighborhood, as Aminidab Snapper, the preacher, was a character, and afforded them lots of fun.

On their arrival at the place of meeting they found plenty of seats and took a front one. They were somewhat early, but had not been there long before the hall was packed full.

The Noisy Quakers were a queer-looking set. They wore the regulation Quaker garb, but unlike the regulars in matters of religion, they did not believe in sitting down in silence and waiting for the spirit to move them, but danced and danced around like dancing dervishes, making it extremely lively for the wicked.

Aminidab Snapper was indeed a character, and to all intents and purposes he was a sensational preacher of the black, thunder and brimstone order.

He wore his broad-brimmed hat while preaching, as the church members did while listening, at the same time allowing everybody else to do the same thing, thus making a queer crowd altogether.

The Reverend Snapper caught sight of Chin Chin very early after he opened the exercises, and he at once made up

in San Francisco, and so had Spades, but the whole thing was exceedingly novel to Chin Chin, who couldn't help regarding it as some sort of a show.

"Me knockie stuffin' allie lout lat roostee," said he, pointing to the preacher.

"Hush! This is no show," whispered Chips.

"No goodie show, no, so be. Why he no dancie blake ddown? Heap chinnie, no jokie."

"Dry up! This is a Joss house."

"Where Joss?" he asked, looking around.

"There he is—a talkin' Joss," said Chips, pointing to the gesticulating Snapper.

"He no goodie. Meican man Joss too much gabbie."

"Well, yer jes' keep quiet, or they'll drag yer over the red-hot coals."

"Oh, he'll dancie! Me mum," said he, and he at once rushed up and watched the performance.

Just behind them sat an old fellow who had evidently imbibed too much beer, and he had fallen asleep in spite of the shouting and terror exhortation. Chips twigg'd the situation, and thought he would have a little fun with his ventriloquism.

Snapper was giving it to them hot and heavy, turning his eyes up at nearly every word, drawling and wheezing like an asthmatic engine.

Chin Chin thought he was mad because he was getting all of the applause, and so he let fly his fist and knocked the preacher sprawling.

The vigilance committee rushed upon the platform and went for Chin Chin. And he let out on two of them, sending them to grass, before he could be caught and held still.

But the friends and admirers of the dancer also rushed up and took a hand in the affair, and the result was a free fight of big dimensions.

The alarm, however, had been given, and while the soiree was at its prettiest, a posse of police rushed into the hall and began to make heads ache with decoctions of locust.

This settled matters, and as poor Chin Chin was at the time being sat on by five or six Quakers, he was easily secured by the officers. In fact, he was the only one secured, and breaking up the mutiny, they lugged him off to the station house, as the chief cause of all the trouble, with his hat all smashed and nearly as bad as his old one was before the explosion.

It was rough on the poor devil, but he had acted innocently and in good faith, and now he was chucked into a cell to ruminate over the adventure, and to wonder what the dickens it all meant any way.

Chips and his friends returned home, and went the next morning bright and early to the court room to see what would be the result of the affair.

The Reverend Snapper and his friends were there, and when Chin Chin was brought up for examination, they told their story. Then Chips told his version of the affair, poor Chin Chin forgetting what little English he knew, and not being able to say a word but "hellie damie," in his own behalf, and explained that he was a performer, never having been to a Christian church before in his life, and that when he was taken up upon the platform, he supposed he was called upon to dance.

The affair created a deal of laughter in court, and with several other witnesses of the affair, the whole thing was thrown upon the shoulders of the Reverend Snapper, and covered with ridicule, the prisoners being discharged, he and his deacons marched out of court amid a roar of laughter, which most certainly warned them against attempting to convert any other heathens who might stray into their meetings.

Chin Chin went off with flying colors, although he could never exactly understand it all.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER a pleasant but somewhat exciting two weeks in Philadelphia, Chips and Chin Chin, together with their sable companion, Spades, took the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and set out for New York, the goal of their earliest ambition when they first set out to work their way by hook or by crook across the continent, three thousand miles, from San Francisco.

The reader who has followed them in their eventful journey knows how they have worked it, and the many comical and sensational adventures they have met with up to this time, and they also know that only two fellows of pluck and bull-dog tenacity could have accomplished the journey as they have done.

But after all, it has been rather pleasant than otherwise; for, in spite of their many hardships, they have had their bellies full of fun, many times and oft, which assisted them materially in bracing up to the task.

Three thousand miles is not so terrible in our modern way of traveling, provided one has money, but to undertake it without a cent, and succeed in it, as Chips and Chin have done, is no slight triumph.

Almost anybody but these two would have felt homesick, but such an idea never crossed their minds. They were simply delighted to think they had at length succeeded in their heroic undertaking, although what the deuce they

were going to do now that they were in the metropolis of the land, they hadn't the slightest idea, any more than they generally had when they landed in a place, and they cared as little as they knew.

They all three went to the New England House, on the Bowery, near Chatham square, and there took rooms.

As for Spades, he was delighted, for, like all of his race, the biggest city was biggest heaven, and more than ever before, he didn't care a fig whether school kept or not. He still had his banjo and his happy-go-lucky disposition, and these were enough to make him supremely contented.

Chips was just a shade serious, for he knew that however well the three might succeed in the country towns with their little act and their specialties, there would be no show for them in any New York theater, and, in reality, he felt that they had left good diggings for others which might not pan out as usual.

But Chin Chin never thought; sufficient for the day was the evil thereof for him, and he had learned to rely so much on Chips that he never gave the future a thought. He had a merry disposition, and if the worse came to the worst he could live on a cracker a day and sleep in coal boxes.

They all spent the first two or three days after their arrival in going about the great city and becoming in a measure familiar with it, and this they did a portion of the time together, and the last of the three days they each took separate directions and met again at night in their hotel.

"Well, Chin Chin, what do you think of the boss city," asked Chips.

"Heap big; heap cheeky," said he.

"Yes, I know it is heap big; but what do you mean by its being cheeky?"

"Big Melican man allie yite; little cussie heap have too much to say."

"What do you mean, old man?"

"Cussie damie boot-black."

"What?"

"Hellie damie news bloy."

"What have they done?"

"Too flesh," said he, snapping his fingers.

"What about?"

"Makie too flesh blout hat," said he, taking it off, and exhibiting several indentations.

"Oh, they went for yer cady, did they?"

"Yes. Slay shootie allie ame, an' chuck taters lat it. Too cussie flesh."

"Did they run yer?"

"Down near post-soffice, big cloud glo flor me, so be, askie me shinie bloots; I say no; they get me in clorner, an' black bloots five—four times an' smash hat, so be. Me no like. Too flesh."

"Well, yer want ter shoot that hat, an' dress like a white man, don't yer see?" said Chips.

"Me no shootie; me kleep."

"All right, an' they'll keep at yer."

"Me knockie bleeswax lout."

"Oh, no; that won't do. They're game chickens, every one of 'em."

"What do here?" he asked, after a pause.

"I don't know, Chin. We'll take in Tony Pastor's show ter-night, and see how things work."

"Me do."

"If I could only see Gus Williams an' some of the boys that we used ter see out in 'Frisco with Tony, we might know what the prospect was. But we'll scoop that show in ter-night, anyway."

They had seen Tony and his troupe in San Francisco and several other places on the road, and that night they had seats very near the stage.

The performance went through splendidly, and they recognized several familiar faces, but when Gus Williams came on he recognized them as he is always sure to recog-

nize anybody sitting before him, no matter how large the audience, and in his songs and Dutch drolleries he made several allusions to them, and those in reference to Chin Chin brought down the house, for all through the performance he had been a notable object.

All three of them met Tony, Gus and Harry Kernell after the performance was over, and an hour or so was spent in beer and talking over old times.

But before they separated for the night, and it was Saturday night, Gus made arrangements to have them meet him at the "Social Session" of the Elks on the following evening, where he introduced them in a little humorous speech, and it was here that they had a chance to give some of their specialties before that company of performers—this order being entirely composed of members of the profession.

They made a hit as usual, and were roundly applauded by those present, nearly every one of whom had heard of them, although but a few had ever seen them before.

But in a city like New York where the very best talent always has the first chance, there was a poor prospect for an opening for them at any of the variety theaters, and so at the end of a week, although they were on good terms with everybody in the profession, they could get no engagement.

Their money was nearly gone, and things looked blue for them. Chin Chin had already made up his mind to get an engagement in a laundry, and Spades was content if he could get anything to do.

"This won't do, fellers," said Chips, one evening, "we have got to git up an' git."

"Me go washie," said Chin Chin.

"By golly, I start peanut stand," said Spades.

"No, I guess we can do better. Take yer banjo an' let's go out on a round."

"Dancie glig?" asked Chin Chin.

"Yes. We'll work our way in somewhere, I guess."

"Me plassie hat?"

"No, they'd never put a cent inter such a cady as that. But yer wear it; it's a business hat, sure."

So they got together their simple traps and started out to see what luck they could scare up, just as they had done so many times before.

The first place they struck was a lager beer saloon on the Bowery, near Canal street, and they went in.

Going up to the big Dutch proprietor who stood behind the bar directing two tapsters who were serving the foaming beer to a house full of customers, Chips said:

"Boss?"

"Yaw."

"Give us a show?"

"Tri beer!" he called, and turned away.

The beer came and our friends put it out of sight just as though it had been ordered, and Chips paid for it like a little man, although he felt annoyed to think the proprietor did not understand him.

"I say, boss."

"So."

"Give us a show?" he asked again.

"Tri beer!" he called again.

"No—no! Well, all right; we'll take this, but we want ter give a little show here. Let us?"

"Vat vas dot?"

"Sing, dance; ventriloquism."

"Oh! How much?"

"Nothing. Pass around the hat."

"All right. Go ahead," said he.

Chips walked back to where a large number of customers were seated at the tables.

"Gents, want ter see a dance?" he asked.

"Yes, let's see it," said several.

Chips led Spades and Chin Chin into an open space and gave Spades a chair.

In a few minutes he had his banjo tuned up, and in

the meantime the company had been laughing and talking about Chin, never thinking that he was one of the performers, but thinking that Chips was going to do the dancing.

"Gents, I have the honor ter introduce ter yer, the celebrated Chin Chin, the great mixed dancer from the happy land of China," said Chips, and just then Spades struck up and Chin Chin struck out.

In an instant all present were giving attention to the comical-looking Chinaman before them. At first it was thought he was a badly made up one, but when they came to regard his features, they saw that he was a genuine Chinaman in spite of his not having any pigtail and wearing a plug hat.

But that awfully comic break-down of his took them by storm, and they yelled and applauded him to the echo as he proceeded to give them what he knew.

Of course it was redemanded, and beer was ordered for them by the admiring company, and after they had been taken in Chin Chin went in once more to show them what he could do.

"Bully for you, John!"

"Go it, Chin Chin!"

"You're a hister!"

"And a paster!"

"And a patter."

"And a brick, if you haven't any pigtail," said several, after he had finished.

Another round of beers was offered them, and you bet they weren't thrown on the floor.

"Chips got debil in he, heap big like assjack rablet," cried Chin Chin, pointing to his little partner.

"What d'er yer say?" asked several.

"Heap glood; makie assjack evelybody, so be."

This created a laugh, although none of the party could understand what he meant.

"Give us a dance, young feller," said somebody.

"No, gents; I don't dance. What my Chinese friend is givin' yer, is my ventriloquism, an' if somebody'll get me a box, I'll show you what he means," said Chips.

By this time the room was packed full, and the proprietor was reaping a harvest of nickels. Of course it was for his interest to keep such a good thing agoing, and so a wine box was brought out.

Chips placed it upon a table, just a little to one side of where the crowd was, and began:

"Gents, what I've got I've picked up; of course it don't come up to some of the swell coons you've seen, but here's the best I've got," said he, standing with his hand on the box. "Please give me plenty of room."

"Go it," said several.

"Well, Mike, are you nicely tucked away in this box?" he asked striking it once or twice.

"I arm!" came from within, and those not on their feet before, got up anxiously now.

"Rather close quarters, arn't it?"

"Sure, I'm condensed."

"How is that?"

"I'm only the extract of meself, sure."

"Well, are you enjoying yourself?"

"I arm."

"Can you sing in the extract?"

"I don't know, but I'll try."

"All right. Go ahead."

"What'll ye have?"

"A glass of beer, I guess."

This raised a laugh, and three beers were brought forward without loss of time.

"Drink hearty," came from the box.

"That's gone. But now for your song."

"What'll I sing?"

"Anything you like."

"Then I'll give ye Bryan O'Linn."

"Good enough. Go ahead. Order, please, gentlemen."

But he had no occasion to say that, for the utmost attention was being given by the company present.

Chips gave the song very well, singing in such a tone of voice that it appeared to proceed from the box where the extract of Irishman was, and at the conclusion of it, a perfect whirlwind of applause greeted him.

Never before had they seen a ventriloquist who went right among his auditors, and gave such a natural and unique performance, and while the hurrah was at his height, Chin Chin went around with his bad plug hat and collected five or six dollars.

Every one present was astonished and delighted, but among the bewildered ones, there wasn't one who looked upon it with so much wonder as did the boss.

"Mine Got, vas is dot?" he asked, pulling the cover off the box and looking into it. "Vat kind of a humpug vos dot?"

"No humbug, ole man. Didn't you hear him in the box?" said Chips.

"Yaw, but py tam, vere he vos now already?"

"Oh, he's in the closet over there," said he, pointing.

"Ter hale you say! I bade you nod."

"Bet yer drinks for the party," said Chips, briskly.

"I bade you not."

"Good enough. Now wait till I call him," and going over to the closet door he rapped on it.

"Oh, will ye give us a rest?" came the same voice.

"Are yer settled for the night?"

"Yes; but don't tell old Tumblebacker or he'll fire me out. Go away wid ye now."

A perfect torrent of applause greeted this, and the bewildered proprietor was completely nonplussed.

"Dere vos some tam foolishness boud dot," said he.

"No—no! You have lost the beer," cried the company.

"Alld right. I dreats me der barty, but I bade I knock some spods oud of dot Irish dot hide him in mine closet," said he, taking a weiss beer bottle and going for the closet savagely.

"Look out, Mike, he's comin'," said Chips.

"I'm off, thin!" said the imaginary Mike.

At that moment the old Dutchman opened the door and raised the bottle to strike.

Of course there was nobody there to hit, and a loud yell of derision greeted him.

Another such a mad Dutchman was never seen, and, convinced that he had been fooled somehow, he turned upon Chips and would have struck him, had not the crowd interfered and saved him.

When quiet had been somewhat restored, they called for another dance, and once more did Chin Chin go through with his performance, and once more pass around his hungry hat, which was generously filled.

From this place they went to another, where they made equally as great a hit, and before midnight they found themselves fifteen or twenty dollars ahead, besides having had a good time.

By this means they not only managed to receive a good income, but they became fixtures in New York, and drew big business for the lager beer saloons on the Bowery and in other parts of the city.

In the meantime Chips had prevailed upon Chin Chin to get him a better suit of clothes, although he still stuck to the old plug hat and outlandish rig while engaged in business, evenings, and now that he had got him to dress in something like style, he became a regular fop—a masher.

During the daytime he would go around Baxter street and such localities, where he could find Chinese girls, and then do his best to make them feel bad because they could not capture him.

This went on for some time, and he became known to the Chinamen of New York as a great sport; a man chuck

full of money, which he obtained without having to work as they did.

But he pranced down into Baxter street once too often. One day he was introduced to a Chinese woman who had lately arrived in the country, and to his dire and utter confusion, he found that she was his wife, whom he had deserted in Hong Kong ten years before.

The meeting between them may be imagined; it cannot be described.

Her name was Yip Sick, and up to the time that he had abandoned her, she had made him sick by wearing the breeches, and making him bounce around to a livelier tune than he had ever danced since.

In spite of the loss of his pigtail, and his generally altered appearance, she knew him, and at once went for him.

By this time his hair was long enough for pulling purposes, and she went for it lively. There was no love passages between them, but in less than half a minute after they met they were rolling over together on the floor, and she was giving it to him rough, and in the old-fashioned way.

"Leave blee—leave blee!" he yelled, as she banged his head on the floor. "I weakie—I weakie!"

"Heap long time since I had flun with you," said she, banging him again, "and me glet square."

"Me glet hellie, so be. Leave go—me weakie," he yelled.

"Mally me again, an' have yerself?"

"Me do—me do."

"No foolie?"

"Me no. Lettie up."

She got up, and allowed him to assume a perpendicular once more. He was not the gay and festive Chinaman now that we have known him so long. He was not only banged and battered, his good clothes nearly all torn off his body, but he was humiliated and looked like a sick sheep.

He did not show up that night, and Chips and Spades were in considerable wonder regarding what had become of him. But concluding he had got full of gin in some place, they went to one of the theaters, and did not perform at any saloon.

The next day, however, he put in an appearance about noon, but in company with his triumphant wife, Yip Sick.

"Hello, old man, where yer been?" asked Chips.

"Been hellie," said he, sadly.

"What's ther matter?"

"Wifie," he replied, sighing, and glancing at her.

"Wife!" said both Chips and Spades.

"So be."

"But I should think yer'd been run through a threshin' machine. What's ther matter?"

"She heap bully. Me no."

"Where'd yer find her?"

"Down Blaxter street."

"An' so yer went an' got married?"

At this juncture his wife spoke up and told all about how he had married and deserted her years ago, and how she had accidentally met him in a Chinese boarding-house, and brought him to his senses.

"Got in on yer, did she, old man?" asked Chips, after the narration was finished.

"So be," said he, sadly.

"Well, what'er goin' ter do 'bout it?"

"Me no. She bloss."

"She's boss hey?"

"Ebly time"

"What yer goin' ter do with him?" he asked her.

"Makie work flor me," said she.

"Well, that's all right."

"Start washie house," she added.

"Bah! let him go with us."

"Me no. Skippie if I do," said she, shaking her head.

"No. I'll take care of him."
 "I'll take care of him, me."
 "An' yer won't let him go with us?"
 "No more. Me flix he, good 'nough."
 "Ho—ho! So that's yer circus, hey?"
 "Allie time," said she, calmly.
 "Do yer weaken, old man?" he asked, turning to the poor devil who stood so humbly before him.
 "Me do. She hellie," said he.
 "Warms yer meat?"
 "So be. Pull hair; gouge eye; bang head an' kick stuffin' all lout, ebly time. Me sick."
 "Well, I should say so. An' so yer can't go with us any more?"
 "Hap," he said, shrugging his shoulders.
 Just then she gave him a look that he knew the meaning of very well.
 "Give her ther cold shake, Chin Chin."
 "She too cussie smarkt. Me go. Glood-bly Chippie, glood-bly, Spadie, me no glood any more. Me no dancie 'cept will ole gal," said he, extending his hands sorrowfully to them.
 "Too bad, old man, I'm sorry for yer."
 "So be. Me washie now! me no more sport," said he, mournfully.
 "Well, that's too bad. If she'd let yer go with us, yer'd make more money."
 "Me dancie no more. Me played lout," and after shaking hands frequently with his two old friends, and gather-

ing up his few traps, she took him in hand and escorted him away.

And thus it was that the celebrated trio of roving performers was broken up. Without Chin Chin the combination did not amount to much, and there was no doubt but that he had found his boss, and would never be worth a pinch of snuff again.

It was a blow quite as hard as it was unexpected by Chips, for without the comical Chinaman he could make but little headway.

For a week, he and Spades brooded over this sad fortune, and finding that they could do little or nothing together, Chips resolved to get some figures and a little apparatus, and start out in the world on his own hook.

He did so, and to this day (although under another and an honored name) there is no more popular ventriloquist in the United States than is our sometime San Francisco hoodlum, Chips.

As for Spades, he has also become famous as the king of the banjo, and to-day, as Horace Weston, there is no man, black or white, who can draw such crowds as he can by his wonderful performances.

And so, after such long and pleasant association, we must take leave of our tramp combination. Chin Chin and his wife are still in New York, (poor hen-pecked devil!) carrying on quite an extensive laundry; but while Chips and Spades are enjoying fame and wealth, we shall know them no more as CHIPS AND CHIN CHIN.

[THE END.]

COMPLETE LIST OF COMIC STORIES,

BY PETER PAD,

Published in The 5 Cent Wide Awake Library:

No.		by Peter Pad
11	Tommy Bounce.....	by Peter Pad
12	Shorty; or, Kicked Into Good Luck.....	by Peter Pad
14	Shorty in Luck.....	by Peter Pad
29	One of the Boys of New York; or, The Adventures of Tommy Bounce.....	by Peter Pad
47	Tom, Dick and the—; or, School Days in New York.....	by Peter Pad
56	Shorty, Jr., or, the Son of His Dad.....	by Peter Pad
127	Shorty, Jr., on His Ear; or, Always on a Racket.....	by Peter Pad
157	Shorty and the Count; or, The Two Great Un-mashed.....	by Peter Pad
193	Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part I.....	by Peter Pad
194	Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part II.....	by Peter Pad
434	Shorty in Search of His Dad.....	by Peter Pad
461	The Shortys' Trip Around the World.....	by Peter Pad
470	Tambling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus.....	by Peter Pad
476	Stuttering Sam.....	by Peter Pad
484	Tommy Bounce, Jr.; or, A Chip of the Old Block.....	by Peter Pad
497	The Shortys Married and Settled Down—a sequel to the "Shorty" stories.....	by Peter Pad
503	Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College.....	by Peter Pad
522	Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For.....	by Peter Pad

No.		by Peter Pad
530	Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer—a sequel to "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For,".....	by Peter Pad
534	The Shortys Out For Fun.....	by Peter Pad
537	The Shortys' Christmas and New Years at Home.....	by Peter Pad
545	Pickle and Tickle; or, Mishaps and Mischiefs.....	by Peter Pad
619	The Shortys Out Fishing.....	by Peter Pad
630	The Shortys Out Gunning.....	by Peter Pad
642	The Shortys Farming.....	by Peter Pad
665	The Shortys' Country Store.....	by Peter Pad
687	Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag.....	by Peter Pad
689	Jack Hawser's Tavern.....	by Peter Pad
719	The Jolly Travelers; or, Around the World for Fun.....	by Peter Pad
746	The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks.....	by Peter Pad
768	Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure.....	by Peter Pad
793	Those Quiet Twins.....	by Peter Pad
805	The Shortys' Christmas Rackets.....	by Peter Pad
824	A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun.....	by Peter Pad
842	Jack Ready's School Scrapes.....	by Peter Pad
847	The Shortys in the Wild West.....	by Peter Pad
856	The Shortys' Christmas Snaps.....	by Peter Pad

No.		by Peter Pad
865	Smart & Co., The Boy Peddlers.....	by Peter Pad
873	Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination.....	by Peter Pad
881	Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere For Fun.....	by Peter Pad
883	The Funny Four.....	by Peter Pad
908	Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling.....	by Peter Pad
912	Bulger Boom, the Inventor.....	by Peter Pad
919	Henpecked.....	by Peter Pad
929	Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play.....	by Peter Pad
939	Our Landlord; or, Life in French Flats.....	by Peter Pad
951	Mrs. Brown's Boarding House.....	by Peter Pad
963	Our Future President; or, The Oak That Came From the Acorn.....	by Peter Pad
975	The Shortys' Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets—comic.....	by Peter Pad
979	Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad—comic.....	by Peter Pad
996	Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels—comic.....	by Peter Pad
1060	The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town—comic.....	by Peter Pad
1089	Johany Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks—comic.....	by Peter Pad
1079	Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip—comic.....	by Peter Pad

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.